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WIZ

No. 77 April/May 96

FEATURING A
**GOLDEN
SHOWER**
OF PISS-POOR CARTOONS
AND LAVATORY HUMOUR



The return of...
**STUDENT GRANT
MRS BRADY OLD LADY
BILLY THE FISH
POSTMAN PLOD
SID THE SEXIST**

ISSN 0952-7966



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FREE LIZA MINNELLI SPAGHETTI UMBRELLI INSIDE!

A UNIQUE TRIBUTE TO THE GOLDEN ERA OF THE EIGHTIES

The Murray Mint Gallery, internationally renowned purveyors of nick-nackery present

"GOLD" *The Tony Hadley Fabergé Pineapple*

The eighties was a decade of affluence and excitement - glamour and glitz - an era of wine bars and sophistication - a decade of decadence lifted aloft by the soldiers of song who marched with the New Romantics. And no braver soldier was there than Tony Hadley out of Spandau Ballet - a bohemian bard whose hits 'Spand' ten immortal years that have now died. But yet they live forever in the form of this beautiful, nice quality pineapple. This heirloom quality ornament by internationally acclaimed fruit jeweller Hercule Poisson-Bleu forms a unique and 'indestructible' tribute to those times.

"Gold... always believe in your soul"

Externally each faux fruit detail has been hand crafted in solid gold* and bedecked of pearls, perched atop a purest mahogany plinth. It's splendour can only be matched by the quilted silken interior. Open the gold* hinged lid to reveal the stunning golden* figurine of Tony himself, holding his bejewelled microphone aloft. Hand made in breath taking detail, and resplendent in a miniature suit woven of pure platingum, the quality of this piece must be seen to be believed. Subscribe to this exclusive offer immediately and the Tony Hadley 'Gold' Faberge Pineapple could be yours for just £29.95.

ACTUAL
SIZE AND
APPEARANCE
MAY VARY
DRASTICALLY
FROM
ILLUSTRATION.



DETAIL OF
TONY
HADLEY
FIGURINE.

RESERVATION APPLICATION OFFER APPLIES TO UK HOME OWNERS ONLY

Respond by 10th June 1996

Post to: The Murray Mint Gallery, P.O. Box 161, Huddersfield.

Please accept my kind offer for the Tony Hadley Gold Faberge Pineapple. I need send NO MONEY NOW except £29.95 application fee. Thereafter I will be invoiced at your pleasure for amounts and at intervals which may vary entirely at your discretion. I consent to this fully and unreservedly. I hereby waive all my legal and statutory rights in this matter and throw myself (and my family) entirely at the mercy of yourselves (and of any unscrupulous debt collecting agencies whom you may employ to frighten, intimidate or hurt me or my friends and relatives, and damage my property.) May the Lord have mercy on my soul. Take me down.

Name MRS _____

Bank sort code no. _____ / _____ / _____ Account no. _____

Current balance £ _____ Overdraft limit £ _____

Do the staff at your bank know you by sight? YES/NO

Mother's maiden name _____ Specimen signature _____

Please enclose your driving licence or other form of identification.

100% Buy-Back Guarantee. You can return any Murray Mint Gallery purchase within 30 minutes of receipt for a prompt replacement or full refund, if you can find our office.

* THE WORD 'GOLD' IS USED FIGURATIVELY AND IMAGINATIVELY AND IS NOT INTENDED TO IMPLY ANY SPECIFIC MATERIAL USED.

STUDENT GRANT

MONDAY MORNING - FIRST DAY OF TERM. GRANT'S GOT AN 11am LECTURE...

DRONE... DRONE...
BLAH... BLAH...
DRONE... DRONE...

DRONE... DRONE...
BLAH BLAH BLAH
DRONE DRONE...

DRONE... DRONE...
DRONE... BLAH... BLAH...
BLAH BLAH...
RHUBARB...

DRILLING!

WHACK!
WHACK!
WHACK!
WHACKITY-WHACKITY-WHA...

MORNING GWAARNT! HEY! WOOK AT WHAT VEY'RE GIVING AWAY TO THUDENTH AT VEH GNAT WETHT BANK VITH TERM!

A FWE PEETHA VOUCHER...
VAVID AT PARTHIPATING
WETHAUWANTH BETWEEN THIX
AND THIX-FIRTY P.M...
EXTHCUDING WEEKENDH
AND FVIDAYTH. OFFER
APPHIETH TO ONE FWE
ONE-INCH FWAT CWYTH
WIV NO TOPPINGH
WHEN YOU BUY EIGHT
THIXTHTEEN-INCH
DEEP DETH PEETHATH
FOR THE FULL PWITHE.

HMM... ANYWAY, VERETH ALTHO A FWE
MIKE FLOWERTH POFTH THEE DEE, THINEMA
TICKETTH, POFTHCARDH, POFTHERTH...

CRASH!

... ULP...

FREE PIZZA

OH - AND VITH THUPERMARKET
TWOLLEY AND TWAFFIC CONG.

FACK ME! ALL I GOT FROM
MY FACKIN' BANK WAS A
SET OF FACKIN' POGS
AND I'D ALREADY GOT
SIX OF THEM, ACTUALLY.

RIGHT! I'M OFF TO THE
BANK. I'M MOVING MY
ACCOUNT TO THE
GNAT WEST!

SHORTLY...

Floyds Bank

HERE - I WANT TO PARLEZ
WITH EL MANAGEERO -
COMPRENDEREEN? AND
I'M TALKIN' ABOUT THE
NUMERO UNO HONCHO.

NOW LOOK HERE. I'M CLOSING
MY ACCOUNT. THEY'RE GIVING
AWAY TDP FREEBIES AT THE
GNAT WEST.

WELL, I'M THE ASSISTANT
CLERK WITH RESPONSIBILITY
FOR STUDENT BANKING.
CAN I BE OF
ANY HELP?

NOW MR. WANKSHAFT - YOU
MUST UNDERSTAND THAT
CHANGING YOUR BANK IS
NOT A DECISION TO BE
TAKEN LIGHTLY.

YOU SHOULD TAKE TIME TO THINK
ABOUT FLOYDS BANK'S PREFERENTIAL
INTEREST RATE SCHEMES, CASHPOINT
AVAILABILITY, 24-HOUR ON-LINE
TELEPHONE BANKING, INDEPENDENT
FINANCIAL ADVICE, EXTENDED
LOAN FACILITIES AND GILT-EDGED
ASSET-MANAGEMENT SERVICES.

NO. I'M NOT LISTENING TO
ANY OF THIS, MR. SQUARE.
I'M CLOSING MY ACCOUNT
AND THAT'S AN END TO
THE MATTER.

RIGHT. THERE'S AN OUTSTANDING
BALANCE OF EIGHT-THOUSAND,
TWO HUNDRED AND SIX POUNDS
EIGHTY-TWO PEE.

NO, MR. WANKSHAFT, YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU OWE
THE BANK OVER EIGHT
THOUSAND POUNDS. IT'S CALLED
AN OVERDRAFT.

STUDENT
BANKING
ADVISER

LISTEN, MATEY. YOU MAY THINK
YOU'VE WON THIS TIME - BUT YOU
HAVEN'T ACTUALLY. YOU'RE DEALING
WITH A MEMBER OF THE INTELLECTUAL
ELITE. A POLYVERSTITY STUDENT.
THAT'S RIGHT. I'M IN THE TOP
FIFTEEN TO THIRTY-FIVE PERCENT.

AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING
ELSE ACTUALLY. I'M NEVER
GOING TO JOIN YOUR SAD
LITTLE CAPITALIST RAT-RACE.
IN TWO YEARS' TIME I'LL BE
EARNING MORE IN A WEEK
THAN YOU'LL SEE IN A
FACKING LIFETIME.
SO THERE.

TWO YEARS LATER...

... SO, HERE'S A
COPY OF OUR
INTRODUCTORY BOOK! - "HEY
WOW! - BANKING CAN BE FUN!"
OUTLINING ALL OUR SERVICES.
HERE'S YOUR POGS...

... AND HERE'S YOUR
BALLOON ON A STICK.

WELCOME TO
FLOYDS BANK.



Contents

Student Grant	5
Letterbocks	6
Top Tips	10
Ravey Davey	12
Flashlightz	14
Postman Plod	17
Rosswell Stiles	18
Billy the Fish	22
Sid the Sexist	24
Liza Minelli's	
Spaghetti Umbrelli	26
Mrs Brady Old Lady	29
Roy of Crescent News	30
Gilbert Ratchet	33
Modern Parents	34
Johnny Fartpants	36
Steptoe's Son	38
Roger Mellie	40
Competitions	42
Man in the Pub	45
Curse of Devil's Rock	46
Mr Logic	48
Eight Ace	50

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Letterbocks

Earthsong? Arsesong more like



□ MICHAEL JACKSON prattles on in his latest hit 'Earthsong' about how many animals are being killed on this planet unnecessarily. Does Mr Jackson have any idea, I wonder, how many laboratory rats, rabbits and hamsters die each year in the interests of cosmetic surgery? I think not. Neither do I, but that's beside the point. In future Mr Jackson should stick to what he knows, and write us a few songs about keeping wild animals as domestic pets, buying off child abuse allegations, fruitcake weddings or being set on fire during TV commercials.

S. Lintel
Canton, Cardiff

□ What is it with posh people that they have to have two second names when everyone else makes do with one? People like Tiggy Legge-Bourke, Lucinda Prior-Palmer and Helen Melons-Windsor. Hats off to Prince Charles for trying to stop this elitist fashion by having no second name at all.

S. Cord
Laura

□ Why all this song and dance about 'soft drinks' with alcohol in them? What's wrong with kids drinking alcoholic lemonade? The knockers seem to forget that our generation were brought up eating wine gums - available from any sweet shop - and it didn't do us any harm. These po faced spoil sports will want to ban chocolate liqueurs next.

W. Sill
Greensfield, Tyne & Wear

□ I've been making my own alcoholic lemonade for years. I pour lemonade into a large tumbler, then top it up with half a bottle of gin. Trouble is it tastes too good! By the time my kids get home from school there's never any left.

Mrs J. Irlam
Manchester

Weight a minute...

□ I don't understand all this fuss about shops having to sell things in metric weights. Kilograms are nearly twice as heavy as pounds, so it looks as if the customer is going to be better off at the end of the day. About time too.

T. Weights
Longsight

□ I've just seen a film where, after a plane crashed in some mountains, the passengers had to eat each other in order to survive. All well and good, but what do the airlines expect vegetarians like myself to do in similar circumstances? Could scientists clone 'vegetable people', I wonder, a few of whom could travel on every flight to provide a vegetarian alternative to cannibalism in case of disaster.

E. Mullion
Haymarket, Edinburgh

□ Following on from the gentleman who could drink five pints of lager without needing a piss (issue 75). I am a girl, and I can drink ten bottles of Diamond White without throwing up, falling over or starting to cry.

A.L.Nicholson
Wolverhampton

Rattle our flap with your bollocks and crap

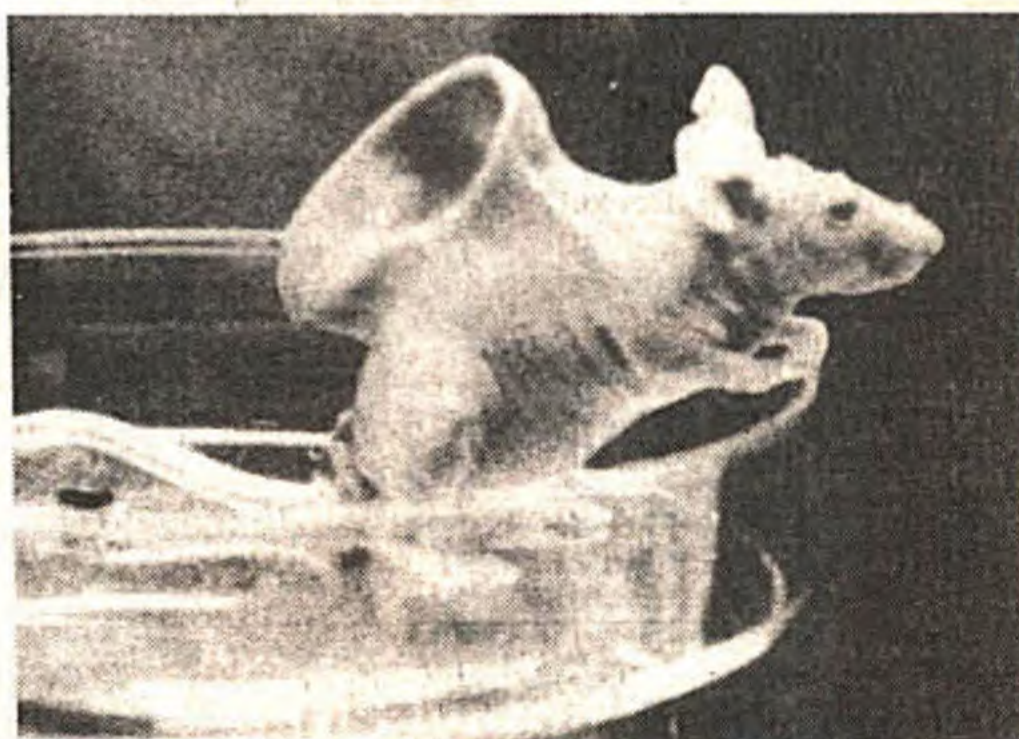
* * * £10 for every letter published * * *

Arms race

□ So, the various Irish paramilitary organisations are still stubbornly refusing to de-commission their weapons. My advise to the British and Irish governments is to suggest 'timing' them, or initiating a 'race' to see who can destroy all their weapons first. This ingenious bluff never fails when my children refuse to do their chores or put their pyjamas on for bed.

Paul Barlow
Wibsey, Bradford

□ Joe Goodman (Letterbocks 76) is not so pedantic as I either. However he is not alone in his inability to grasp the fundamentals of English grammar. Our prospective Prime Minister Tony Blair, speaking on TV recently, said "That's the difference between him and me" (rather than "That's the difference between he and I"). No wonder he and his colleagues are so keen to send their children to grammar schools. They wouldn't stand much



□ I have no moral objection to scientists grafting a human ear onto a mouse (picture above). It may seem unnecessary and bizarre, but it is through pioneering experiments like this that science continues to move forwards for the good of man. The next logical progression, I would imagine, will be to graft a mouse's ear onto a human. If so I'd like to volunteer my wife. They could use it to replace her fanny, which at present is the size of a bucket.

C. Mouse
Holbeck, Leeds

□ I'm planning to celebrate 100 years of the motor car in my bedroom on April 10th at 2.30 in the afternoon. If any women want to come along and protest by taking their clothes off, please feel free to do so.

Dave Rees
Norwich

□ If Joe Goodman is really as pedantic as he thinks he is (Letterbocks 76), he would have written "Robin Walker is not so pedantic as I".

Mrs Jill Davies
London SE27

chance of learning to speak English at home. I hereby claim both Mr Goodman's and Mr Walker's £10. £20 in total, which I'm prepared to half with the previous correspondent, Mrs Davies.

Roger Fenton
Gloucester

* Gosh Mr Fenton and Mrs Davies. I wish all our readers was as clever as what you's two is. However your twenty quid, plus another tenner, goes to our next correspondent who is our...

Pedant of the week

□ In issue 76 (page 29) the cartoon Dan Daren't contains a glaring inaccuracy. Dan's pilot reports that their spaceship has "left the gravitational pull of Mars" at an altitude of 1000 miles. As any properly schooled youngster would tell you the strength of Mars' gravity field would be inversely proportional to the square of the distance between the centres of gravity of the planet and the spaceship. At

John is a puff
yes I am. Signed
John Brown 6

take-off the ship would be 2100 miles from the centre of Mars. Therefore, at an altitude of 1000 miles the ship is 3100 miles from the centre - about half as far again. And so it is subject to:

$$g = 2100^2 / 3100^2 = 0.46$$

i.e. Around half the strength of the surface gravity would still apply. Of course, if Dan was exceeding the escape velocity for that altitude, then ballistically he could be said to be "leaving" in so far as that he would not fall back. If his negative ion drive proton thrusters can maintain 29 mph that close to Mars - still very much in its gravitational influence - then they are powerful indeed.

Bernard McEwen (Rocket Scientist)
Sandhurst, Surrey

During these recent cold spells we have been plagued with interruptions to our water and electricity supplies. The companies claim that the severe weather took them by surprise. Considering they both sponsor the fucking weather forecasts, perhaps they should go to the trouble of watching one occasionally.

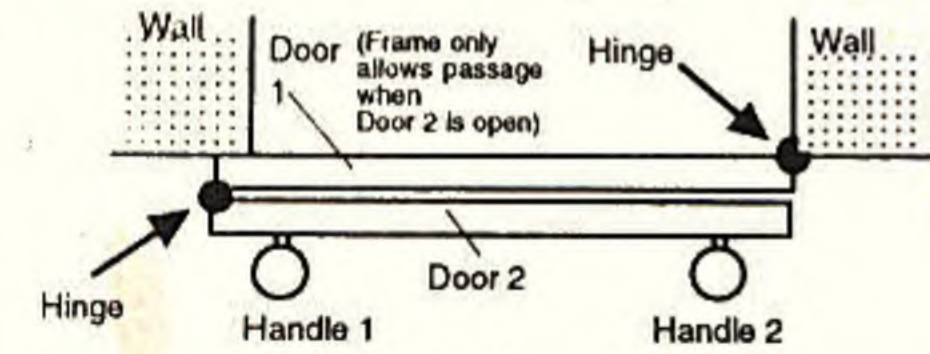
John Tait Thropton

"And honey I miss you, and I'm being good". Bollocks. Only last week I saw Bobby Goldsboro being sucked off in a car near Leeds bus station by a sour faced old slapper.

Mick McSorley
Beeston, Leeds

Open and shut case

Further to Dr McNab's conclusion in your last issue that doors with hinges on both sides would be fully restrained, i.e. unable to open. There exists a mechanism whereby this may be overcome. Based on the Goodman/Gerbier principle for indeterminate structures, it utilises hinges on opposite sides of two door frames, as shown in the following diagram.



I believe this system was used successfully on pressure bulkhead doors in early US submarines (until the advent of powered units). I hope this has been of some use to your readers.

Dipl. Ing. K. Ruppel (Door Scientist)
M.B.B., Bedford, Beds.

See-through health scam

It strikes me as something of an anomaly that health authorities are being quoted prices approaching quarter of a million pounds for X-ray machines, while X-ray spectacles can be bought for a couple of pounds by mail order, and are often given away free with magazines. Someone, somewhere is making a healthy profit.

J. Tait Thropton

Fuckin' Elle



Sad to hear supermodel Elle McPherson has split from lover Tim Jeffries, the Greenshield Stamp tycoon. Well Elle, you can have my stamp of approval any time! Just pop round, my house and I'll have my nozzle pumping into your tank before you can say "Fill me up". And I'll give your headlights a good rub an' all.

Chris Thwaite

With regard to S.G. of Shropshire's comments (issue 76) regarding the potential demise of the lovely but very old Queen Mother. None of us look forward to that day, however the 14th of April would be a great day for a public holiday as I'm having my mini cab serviced.

David Green
Y reg Datsun Sunny



Queen Mum - Lovely but very old

In their song 'Power of a Woman' all-girl pop combo Eternal sing "I need your loving like a desert needs the rain". They are obviously unaware that some of the world's hottest and most barren deserts, including the Sahara, have not seen a drop of rain in over ninety years, and still exist perfectly well without it. Perhaps if re-recording the song in future they should consider the alternative lyric "I need your loving for a very short time indeed, after which I can adapt and survive quite comfortably for almost a century without any more loving at all".

Ollie Savage
Fulham, SW6

Happy with my lottery

Who needs a £40 million win on the lottery to find happiness? Up my way £20 will buy seven pints of lager, a kebab and chips and a hand job in the Co-op doorway. I'm a winner every Saturday night.

Bristler Bain
Manchester

I notice that the Government in their wisdom have decided to increase the amount of alcohol we have to drink from 21 units per week to 28 in men, and from 14 units a week to 21 in women. And how precisely do they expect us to pay for this extra liquor? Perhaps a system of 'Alcohol Payments' for the unemployed, pensioners or students would help those most in need.

Philip Mackenzie
London E14

Choca-bollocks

Forest Gumps's mother was talking crap when she said "Life is like a box of chocolates. You never know what you're gonna get". Most chocolates nowadays come with a printed 'menu' telling you exactly what each chocolate contains. "Life is like a bag of Revels" would perhaps have been a more apt expression.

Philip Lowe
Norwich

APOLOGY 'B&Q' DIY SUPERSTORES

In issue 76 of Viz magazine we published a spoof news item in which a man supposedly purchased a straight piece of wood from a 'B&Q' do-it-yourself superstore. The story gave the impression that he was extremely fortunate to have done so, implying that it was highly unusual for 'B&Q' to sell straight pieces of wood.

We have been asked to point out that 'B&Q' have NEVER sold anyone a straight piece of wood, and that our story was therefore inaccurate and misleading. We are happy to do this and apologise unreservedly to 'B&Q' for any harm that this item may have caused.

Who cares whether Royal nanny Tiggy Legge-Bourke has had an affair with Charles or not? Tiggy is obviously a sensible, mature lady who is well paid for her services. If Charles asks her to work a little 'overtime' that is his prerogative. Not a matter for cheap media speculation.

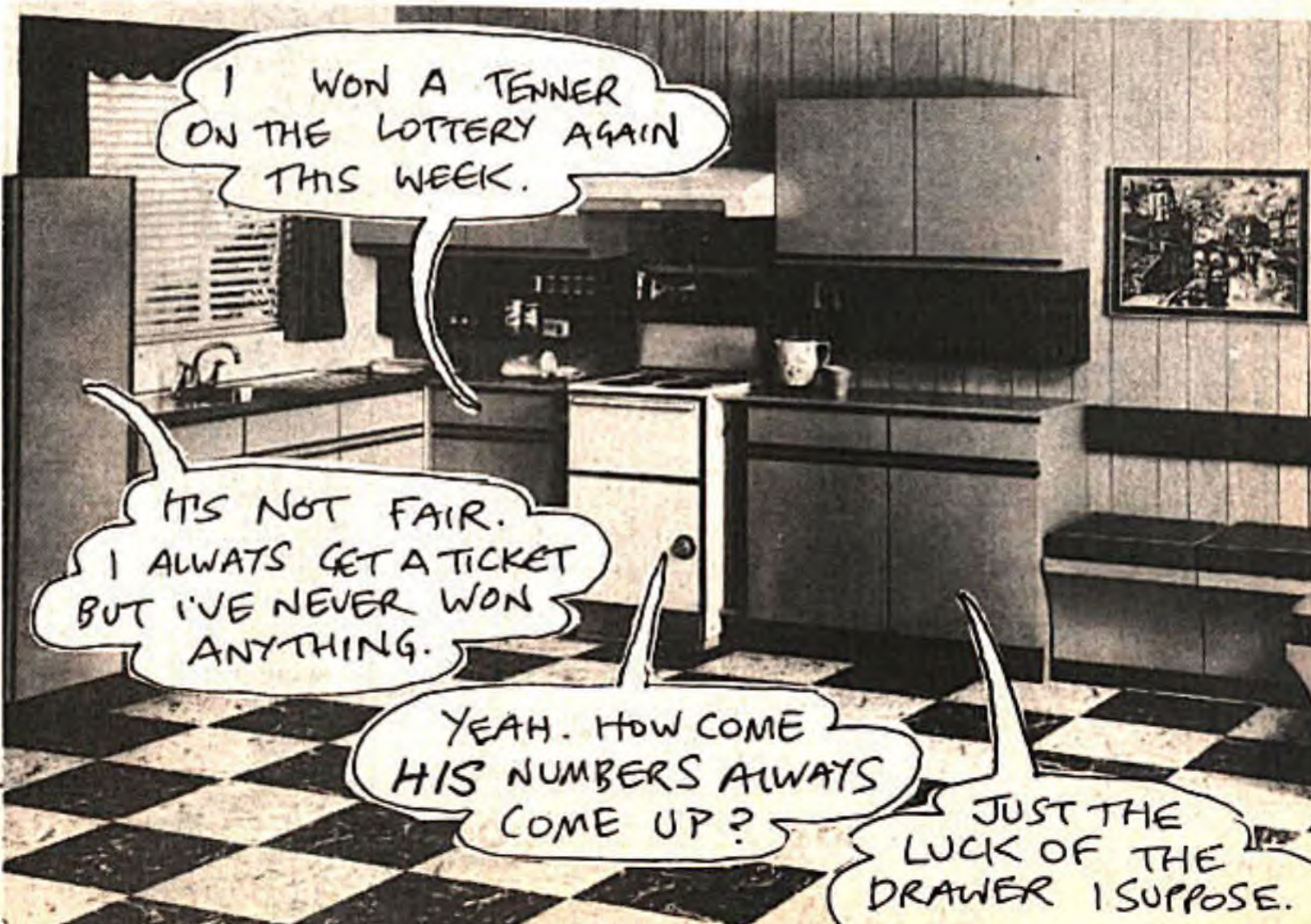
Chris Thwaite

Revel-ations

Philip Lowe (in his letter immediately to the left of this one) mentions Revels. I bought a packet today, and it contained the following: 4 Orange, 3 of each of the following - Malteser, Caramel, Coffee, 2 Peanut and 2 Chocolate. 17 in total. Perhaps other readers would like to compare their Revel contents?

Shirley Cameron
Edinburgh

Continued...



Continues...

Live And Let Dai

Now that England, Scotland and Ireland have each had a turn at playing James Bond, isn't it about time Wales produced a candidate? The choice would be difficult, with strong contenders including Max Boyce, Tom Jones, Hywel Bennett and that bloke off the Pot Noodle advert. But at the end of the day there is only one Welshman for the role. I refer of course to Windsor Davies who presents all the hallmarks of a classic Bond: Stupid eyebrows, shite acting, and most important of all, a career that's been heading backwards up his own arse for years.

Leigh Loveday
Tamworth



Davies - For Your Dais only

Further to your North/South beer drinking debate. As a result of increasing levels of oestrogenic compounds contaminating drinking water in the South East of England, levels of the female hormone oestrogen in rivers are causing male fish to change sex. The river water is 50% treated sewage and is recycled as drinking water. So as well as drinking pissy beer, soft Southerners also

drink their own piss, mixed with female hormones. Eventually they will all turn into females, leaving us to shag their women. I think we'll give their beer a miss though.

T. Woolley (Water Scientist)
Beeston

I think its high time you had a 'Celebrity Cunt' corner where readers spill the beans on the high and mighty. For instance, my brother-in-law was a chef for Terry Wogan in a posh executive box at a race meeting and he says he's a right cunt. So there you are.

David Cairns
Elgin

** Good idea David. Anyone else ever met a star who was a right cunt, as it turned out? Send your cunt nominations to our usual address. Please mark the envelope 'Cunt' not 'Cunt' to avoid upsetting those miserable cunts at the post office.*



Wogan - Was a right cunt, apparently

Kevin Keegan. You're a fool paying £7 million for Asprilla, £6 million for Ferdinand, £3.5 million for Batty etc. Complete waste of money mate. You should take a leaf out of Man. United's book. Buy the referee.

Evan Wolliston
Tottenham

Boozed up beach bum

Fairweather - Low and behold

Apologies for boring your younger readers (if there's any left) but on the subject of Amen Corner your so-called 'experts' (issue 76) don't know what they're on about. I went out with a girl who used to fancy Andy Fairweather-Low, and looking at your picture I clearly recall the one she used to drool over was the simple looking one with the receding hair sitting on the wall. Either she fancied the wrong one, or you don't know the difference between Andy Fairweather-Low and Neil Jones. Mind you, I saw Andy Fairweather-Low on the telly a few weeks ago and he didn't look like either of them.

Fred F.
Bewilderment

His bird was right. I'm not the one sitting on the wall. I'm the one on the extreme left. The one on the wall is indeed Andy Fairweather-Low, who now plays with Eric Clapton. I'm surprised Eric didn't mention that in his letter (issue 76). Anyway, please thank all the letter writers whose £10 and £20 prizes you sent to me. The money will go towards our next 'Convoy of Hope' and will be used to help people rebuild their lives in Croatia.

Neil Jones
(out of Amen Corner)
Cardiff City Hall

** Thanks. To avoid any further confusion we've reprinted the picture and enlarged the two heads so that readers can make up their own minds who's who.*

A beach in Australia
Denis Gullifoye

Thank God my father was a thieving murderer who had the foresight to get himself transported. Otherwise I could have been stuck in some shitty pub in Ashton drinking warm piss and listening to a fuck wit like Andrew Healy (Letterbox 74) spouting "Ozzies" off about

If your Australian correspondent Brad Peardon (issue 76) reckons the British are stupid for buying brainless crap like Neighbours, what's his excuse for reading Viz?

Jason Edwards
Gwynedd



Cor, Suzi. I'm feeling HOT

Me to Pussy, we'll take a brake in a minute

The girls was just finishing off making the red hot NEW Viz catalog. Its full with EXCITING pictures of Viz T-shirts, REVEALING SHOTS of Viz mugs, unsensored PIX of DIRTY books and all our other stuff what you can buy. For your FREE catalog fill in the form and send it to:

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Frome
Somerset
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STOP PRESS
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£7.50

Ring our Catalogue up on the phone on
01373 451777

Dear Viz, I'm HOT for your book. Send me it.

Name

Address

Post code

Let me take you by the hand... and kick your head in

Following on from the letters in the last two issues. My dad didn't assault any famous actors at school, but he did get a kicking off Ralph McTell (who plays the guitar) because he'd beaten up his little brother.

S. Boden
Forres, Morayshire

I went to school with Lisa Riley who plays Mandy Dingle in Emmerdale. When we were kids she nicked some paper off me so I bit her on the forehead. She needed two stitches. Any chance of the Terry's Chocolate Orange?

Sasha Hopkinson
Bury, Lancs.

In reply to Derek 'Psycho' Fordham of Blackpool (issue 76). Yes Derek, I remember you nutting me. I still have the bruise on my chest. By the way, do you still shave your legs?

Simon Rouse, The Bill
Thames TV, London

I was never taught by a future TV star, and neither did I thump any. But I can inform readers that Paul Humphries, ex-pop star out of OMD, stashes his porn collection under a floorboard near his bedroom door. Or at least he did when I knew him back



in the late seventies. A group of us used to bunk off school and go back to Paul's house (when his mum had gone to work in the afternoon). We'd play billiards on his quarter size table, and peruse his collection of jazz mags. I don't know where he keeps them now, but I bet he's just as big a wanker as he used to be.

J. Brown
Southampton

** Unfortunately we haven't got a picture of your mate, only the singer Andy McCluskey (above) who may or may not have been a wanker. Who knows? But we'll bring back a few memories by sending you a bundle of dirty books and a piece of billiards chalk in the post. Meanwhile, did any other readers go to school with a famous pop star? Do you know where they hid their wank mags? Write and tell us at our usual address. There's £20 for every letter we print.*

Further to Shirley Cameron's Revel survey (this issue). No surprise to see Orange Creams are the most common. They remind me of Chris Evans. They're everywhere, and I fucking hate them.

Philip Lowe
Norfolk

Feed the birds vomit and turds

I hear that London restaurants are serving up Trafalgar Square pigeons as top nosh. Why not skip one link in the food chain and simply serve up dog turds and vomit, a typical city pigeon's staple diet.

F. Lance
Glasgow

It's no go for logo



The designer of London's awful new logo, Laura Haynes, has defended it from criticism by saying that she used "Strong colours that were lively". Red and blue because they were "familiar and strong to the British flag" and yellow to represent "liveliness and optimism". Colin Hobbs of the London Tourist Board calls it "A firm, sure and safe representation of London which shows vitality. People come to London for its heritage and pageantry", he says. Well, if Messrs. Haynes and Hobbs come round my estate wearing strong, optimistic, lively colours, we'll show them a fucking heritage pageant. The cunts.

H. G.
London SW6

Please be brief

I have no wish to disappoint your readers but the letter from A. Chaser (Snr.) in issue 76 was misleading. Any claim for negligence or personal injury must be brought within 3 years of date of knowledge and/or the date of accident. Anyone suffering as a result of bad advice given by Gerry Marsden in a pop tune 35 years ago had best consult 'Limitation Periods in Personal Injury Actions' by Michael A. Jones (published by Blackstone Press Ltd.) for full guidance.

W.H. Oami
Nomark & Nomark, Leeds

Following on from the saucy bakery product names in the last two issues. On a recent holiday in France Mr Kipling must have developed a taste for local crumpet! The result is a box fellas will love diving into!

(Unfortunately I had to glue the second 'n' on to make the word 'fannies', but I hope its still worth a fiver for the effort.)

R.H.
York

The Government tell us that by replacing Tarmac road surfaces with rubber they will cut maintenance costs and therefore reduce the amount of road tax that motorists have to pay. Who do they think they are fooling? Air filled roads made out of rubber will indeed be easy to maintain, requiring only a quick 'change' when they puncture and the occasional pressure check. There will be no more road works and the Department of Transport will save millions. But it is us, the motorists, who will lose out. Car tyres will have to be made out of Tarmac, with hard core underneath, and this will cost a small fortune every time a tyre is resurfaced or widened.

F. Hinge
March

Turn back the cock

I dread the changing of the clocks each year because it means that for three weeks, until I get used to it, I get my morning stiffy while I'm waiting at the bus stop.

Mark Carnforth
Brighton



Don't ask me I'm dead!

with Dr. Magnus Pyke

Send your queries to Magnus Pike, 'Don't Ask Me I'm Dead', Viz, PO Box IPT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT.



Is it true that water goes down a plughole in a clockwise spiral North of the Equator, and the opposite way round in the South? If so, why? And what happens if your bath sits directly on the Equator?

Mr H. Alexander
Pontefract, West Yorkshire

Don't ask me Mr Alexander. I'm dead.

Why is it that my fingertips wrinkle like prunes if I am in the bath for more than ten minutes?

Mrs J. Pinder
Oxford

There's a very simple answer to that Mrs Pinder, but I'm afraid I'm still dead.

DOCTOR. MY WIFE HAS MISSED HER PERIOD

I'M SURE I SET THE COORDINATES FOR 1872





BACK ISSUE ORDER FORM

All back issues are priced £1.40, despite the fact that most of them were originally less than that. If you think that's a bit steep, you should have bought them when they first came out, shouldn't you. Please circle the issues you require:

39 40 53 56 57 59 60 61 62 63
64 65 66 70 72 73 74 75 76

As well as a quid frigging forty per comic you'll also have to cough up for postage. Add ten bob if you're ordering 1 comic, £1 if you're ordering 2,3,4 or 5 comics, and £1.50 if you're ordering 6 or more. If you think that's steep, wait till you read the next bit.

Overseas orders: After you've added the postage, add 20% of the total (or your shoe size in pounds, whichever is the greater) and pay in STERLING with a cheque drawn on a UK bank.

Tick, delete, use block capitals etc. etc. etc.

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to John Brown Publishing Ltd., or:

☐ I'm with the bank of Never Never Land. Please debit my plastic.

Card No.

Expiry Date (the card, not you) Card Type

Your name and address

Post Code

Post this order form to: Viz Orders, 20 Paul Street, Frome, Somerset, BA11 1DX. For telephone credit card orders and enquiries call (01373) 451 777. (Make a note of the number before you cut out the form). Please allow up to 28 days for delivery.

VBI 77

FARTING in bed a problem? Before you hit the sack, try popping a Mint Imperial up your Marmite motorway. That way your guffs will smell good enough to eat.

Sue Denim
London NW1

SAVE a fortune on laundry bills. Give your dirty shirts to Oxfam. They will wash and iron them and you can then buy them back for fifty pence.

J. B. Cartland
Brighton

IGNORE signs in hotel bathrooms telling you to put the shower curtain inside the bath. It takes 28 minutes to get the hooks off.

J. B. Cartland
Brighton

FROZEN drop scones make handy coasters for hot drinks. By the time you finish your drink, the scones should have thawed and will be warm enough to add hot butter and jam.

N. Thorpe
Hockley

PROLONG the life of leather underpants by spraying them with 'Scotch Guard' before use.

N. Thorpe
Hockley

WHEN embarking on a new relationship always lend your partner twenty quid. That way, when you inevitably get chucked, at least you get your money back thus cheering up an otherwise miserable day.

A. Rolph
Chelmsford

WHEELIE bins left at the gate make ideal shopping trolleys for burglars.

John Tait
Thropton

GET your girlfriend to suck a Sterident tablet whilst giving you a blow job. Not only will it give her a dazzling smile, your bell end will come out Bristol fashion.

J. T.
Thropton

DON'T waste hundreds of pounds having that tattoo of an ex girlfriend's name removed from your arm by laser surgery. Simply give your new girlfriend £51 and she can have her name changed legally by deed poll to the name on the tattoo.

E. Wolliston
Tottenham

TEENAGERS. Play Take That's 'Pray' backwards. It sounds better.

E. W.
Tottenham

GALAXY 'Minstrels' joined together by a cocktail stick would make a perfect set of dumbbells for a squirrel, if they were a bit bigger. And heavier.

Leigh Loveday
Tamworth



JELLY from pork pies, once warmed up, can be easily spread using a brush and is an economical substitute for varnish on doors, cupboards and skirting boards.

Lee & Dogs
Cleveland

RAVERS. Pop a wooden spoon in your mouth when dancing. This will eliminate the risk of biting off your tongue in the event of an epileptic fit caused by strobe lighting, and will soon become a fashion item.

W. Brooks
Somerset

MUMS. Add sparkling mineral water to a tin of condensed soup, then heat. Hey presto! Fizzy soup that your kids will adore.

Rowland Lee
Nottingham

TOP

Send you Top Tips to our Letterbooks address. For each one we publish we'll give you a Top Tips pen, plus £5 cash

CREATE an 'Arctic' scene for your white mice by covering the floor of their cage in talcum powder instead of sawdust, and building a small igloo using sugar cubes.

Dr M. Best
Loughborough

TOWNIES. Whenever you see country folk driving into town in their green Range Rovers to go shopping, jump up and down screaming "Get off my land!" Then shoot their dog.

Y. Pages
Cheshire

WHEN out on the piss take a picture of your mum and dad in your wallet. It makes a handy 'drunk-o-meter' to gauge when you've had too much. When you start to fancy your mum, stop chatting up girls. Don't even look at them. If you start to fancy your dad, leave the pub and catch the first bus home. (This is not advisable if you live with your parents).

Jim Wood
Isle of Arran

WEAR trousers back to front. That way you'll never get the 'little fella' caught in your zip.

G. Adams
Croydon

MAKE motorists sweat for up to ten days. Sit inside a cardboard box on top of a stick at the side of the road and take a flash photo of every car as it goes past.

Alan Currie
Wylam

KEEP your wife on her toes. Nail the housekeeping money to the ceiling.

S. Round
Paignton

TIPS

NOEL EDMONDS. Rekindle that original element of surprise on your House Party programme by dropping pigs blood instead of coloured foam onto celebrity guests.

Hapag Lloyd
Runcorn

POT HOLERS. Save the emergency services time and money by pot holing in your own bathroom at night. With the lights off, crawl through a bath full of water, under the sink, then get your head stuck in the toilet. Wait till morning for your wife to wake up and 'rescue' you.

J. Moss
Washington

WEATHER men. Save a fortune in meteorological expenses by simply saying that the weather will be the same as it was the day before. More often than not you'll be right.

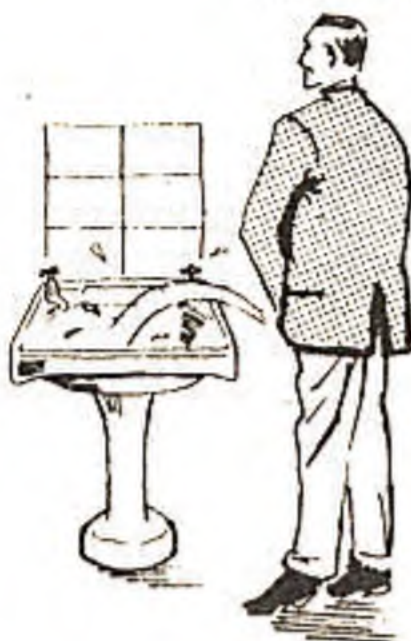
P. Beading
Thornaby, Cleveland

MUMS. A strip of banana peel tacked to the bottom of children's shoes allows them to be towed effortlessly around supermarkets.

J. Tait
Thropton

LADIES. Check both your breasts are the same size by making a plaster mould of each. Fill both moulds with water, then pour the contents into two separate measuring jugs. The amounts of water in each will tell you which 'jug' is the bigger.

Mr S. Brown
Peckham



AVOID endless arguments with your wife about leaving the toilet seat down by simply pissing in the sink.

A. Toplight
Neville Hill

DISTURBED American teenagers. Develop a more balanced perspective on life by listening to Ozzie Osborne's 'Suicide Solution' immediately followed by Queen's 'Don't Try Suicide'.

Boogie
Rhonda

A WIRE brush makes an ideal bed of nails for a hamster.

John Tait
Thropton

FOR many years I've kept my legs warm in winter by wearing ladies' tights beneath my trousers. I've never found it embarrassing, as they make perfectly good - and economical - leg warmers. As a pensioner saving money and staying warm are my priorities. In summer I switch to wearing cooler and more hygienic stockings and suspenders.

Mr A. Cream
Rotherham

BURGLARS. Spend half an hour in a hot bath before you do your next 'job'. After a good soak the police will never be able to identify your crinkly fingerprints, or 'dabs'.

Thora Pee
Pontefract

GIRLS. Don't worry about buying a new dress for that important first date. All he's interested in is seeing you starkers.

I. Cadman
Rotherham

FURTHER to Sue Denim's tip regarding sticking mints up your arse (this page). Trebor mints would be far more effective. As any school-boy will tell you "Trebor mints are a minty bit stronger - stick them up your bum and they last a bit longer".

A. Handle
Willesden

Make a date with sexy Sally the Viz subs girl!



Hi! It's me, Sally again. Spring is here at last and already I'm getting warmer. Maybe that's because I'm looking forward to sending you your Viz subscriptions. I dreamt about sending you a comic last night. When I woke up I was so upset cos it had just been a dream I cried until my pillow was soaking wet. Please don't let me cry myself to sleep again tonight. Make my dream come true and send off for a subscription today. I've got another surprise for you. While stocks last I'm giving away a FREE Fat Slags book to all new subscribers. The next 6 issues (a years supply) cost just £8.40 (£12.50 Overseas). Or 12 issues (2 years) cost only £16.80 (£24.80 overseas). And I'm so desperate to have you on my little list I'll throw in the book, worth £4.99. Gosh, I'm so lonely here in my bedroom on my wet pillow. Please drop me a line today. Simply complete the form below and enclose a cheque or postal order (if applicable) for the correct amount. I'd LOVE to hear from you, although I regret individual correspondence cannot be entered into.

You can order a subscription as a gift for someone else by using both sections of the form below. If you'd like to receive more than one copy, each extra copy (sent to the same address) costs £6 per year (UK) or £7 (overseas).

Dear Sally
Please send me a subscription starting issue..... to be sent to:

Name.....

Address.....

..... Post code.....

(If you do not know your address, ask your postman).

If you are ordering a subscription for someone else fill in their name above, and your own details below. If the subscription is for yourself, just fill in your name and address above, and leave the next bit blank.

My name.....

Address.....

..... Post code.....

(If you do not know your name, ask your parents or next of kin)

Sally was wondering how you will be paying. Tick one box only:

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order for £..... crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ Please debit my Access/ Visa/ Mastercard/Eurocard/American Express/Diners Club/ Connect Card/

Card No.

Expiry date/...../.....

Send this completed form (together with your cheque/PO if applicable) to Sally, Viz Subs, FREEPOST (SW6096), Frome, Somerset, BA11 1YA. The postage is on us, if posted in the UK.

Credit card orders can be made on our telephone hotline (01373) 451 777. (We regret this facility is not available to people whose phone number is divisible by twelve.

Dancer Blair lives at 58

Lionel Blair, one of Britain's best loved entertainers, was found alive and well at his London home early yesterday morning.

It is believed the 58 year old show business veteran went to bed yesterday evening and woke up after a peaceful sleep. Blair has been in good health for several years and family and friends were said to be delighted. Tributes from show business colleagues have been flooding in ever since the news of his continued well being broke yesterday.

"He is a wonderful man. A terrific dancer and a true star. And he does a lot of work for charity" said Bruce Forsyth, a close showbiz pal for over forty years. "I had lunch with him only two days ago and he was in good spirits, laughing and joking and talking about the future."

Blair, who began his career on stage and in later years carved out a



Blair - 'a true star'

successful career in television, stays with a wife and two daughters.

Baaaah. I'm Sheila



Hi. I'm the little woolly sheep in charge of Australian subs. I'm giving away free Fat Slags books too, although whether they'll work God only knows cos you have Christmas in summer etc. Anyway, a years sub (6 issues) costs \$21, or two years (12 issues) is \$42. Free book to all new subscribers while stocks last. Write to Sheila the sheep, 5 Eureka Court, 9 Palm Ave, Bribie Island, QLD 4507, Australia. Cheques payable to 'Fortean Times'.

☐ Please tick here if you would prefer not to receive a tidal wave of unsolicited shite through your letter box throughout the course of the next 25 years.

A WORD FROM YOUR LOCAL NEWSAGENT

Hi. Me again. Last week some bastard talked me into buying one of those stupid electric notice boards for my window. It's costing me £300 a month to hire for the next 99 years and so far I've only got one notice - a missing cat, which made me 25p. I've tried to get a Lottery machine but they won't give me one. I'm sinking fast. My wife's having to deliver the papers now to save money. Please buy your Viz from me. We do some lovely sandwiches by the way. Oh fuck... they're out of date already...

Q405

The Holly and the Ivy when they are both full grown, of all the trees that are in the wood, the Holly wears the crown! It look's like there's been a *Coronation in the Street* as Holly and Ivy relax in regal style recently at the Rovers.



FLASHLIGHTZ

OUT' N' BOUT WITH THE STARZ

Do ya think I'm specksy?

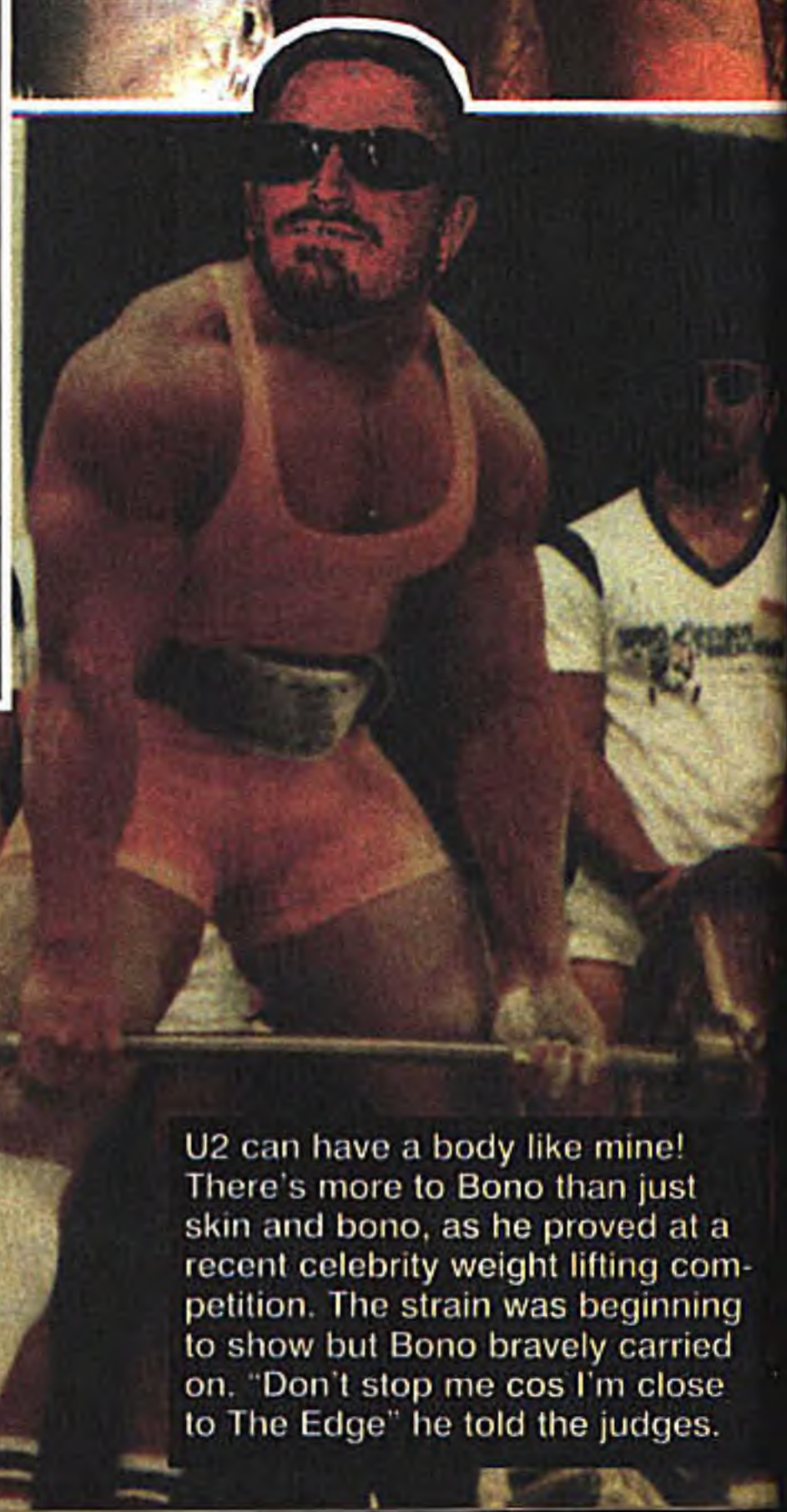


"Stat-ue Rachel?" Oh no it's not my baby! After a recent trip to a Hollywood optician ageing rocker Rod Stewart mistakes a mystery marble blonde for his wife, and is wearing his missus' clothes by the looks of it! Love better be blind, or Rod could be sailing into another marriage *bust* up!

Thighs to see you, to see you *thighs!* There's no sign of a generation gap between TV's Bruce Forsyth and daughter Danielle on a recent night out, despite the 73 year age difference.



Donald where's ya troosers? Karaoke kid the late Donald Campbell sings like a Bluebird at a recent bash to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his being '*kilt*' in an ill fated world speed record attempt on Coniston Water.



U2 can have a body like mine! There's more to Bono than just skin and bono, as he proved at a recent celebrity weight lifting competition. The strain was beginning to show but Bono bravely carried on. "Don't stop me cos I'm close to The Edge" he told the judges.



Whale meat again? Dame Vera Lynn asks Bjork to recommend a dish during a recent visit to an Eskimo restaurant in Soho.

special? Dolph

CELEBRITY NOSE PICS!

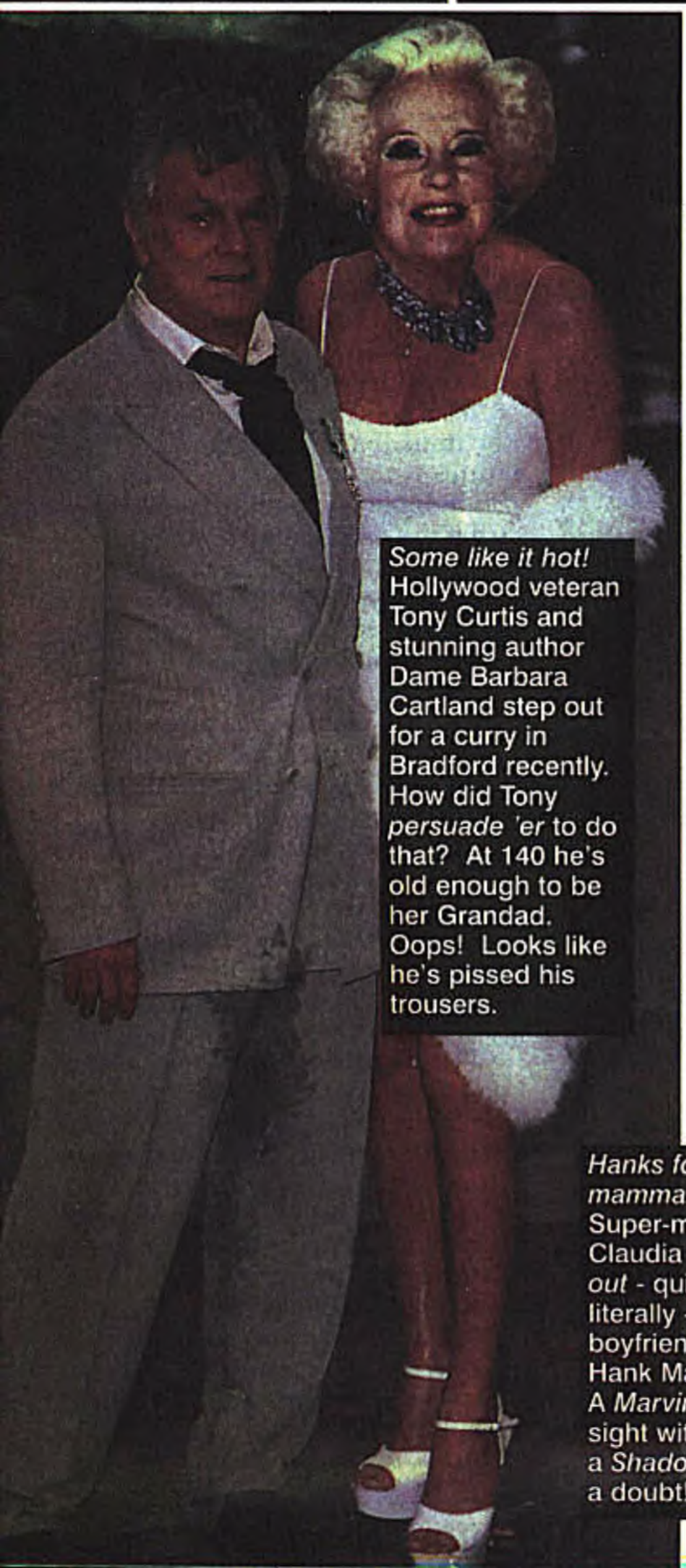


Where did you get that fat? Evans above! Looks like outsize TFI Fry-up star Chris Evans has had too many *Big Breakfasts*! But that hasn't put off one mystery blonde admirer.

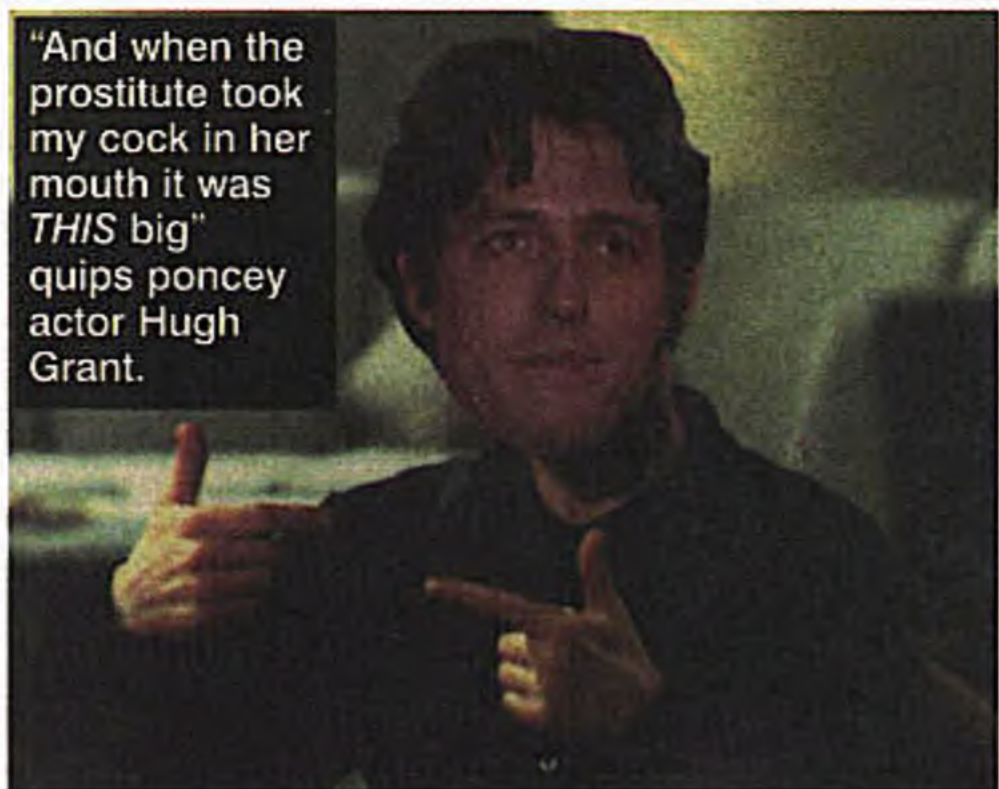
O-no, does Yoko know you're out? Ex-Beatle John Lennon makes a comeback on the New York party scene with a mystery blonde by his side. *Imagine* he'll be wanting a stiff drink after being dead for 16 years.



"Can I do that for you YourMajesty?" Jeffrey Archer is green nosing with the Royals. Perhaps Di could have picked at a more appropriate moment.



Some like it hot! Hollywood veteran Tony Curtis and stunning author Dame Barbara Cartland step out for a curry in Bradford recently. How did Tony persuade 'er to do that? At 140 he's old enough to be her Grandad. Oops! Looks like he's pissed his trousers.



"And when the prostitute took my cock in her mouth it was *THIS* big" quips poncey actor Hugh Grant.



Golfer Jack Nicklaus looks on as his wife Mary aims for the second green. Daughter Danielle has already scored one bogie for par!



Hanks for the mammaries! Super-model Claudia pops out - quite literally - with boyfriend Hank Marvin. A *Marvin-ous* sight without a *Shadow* of a doubt!

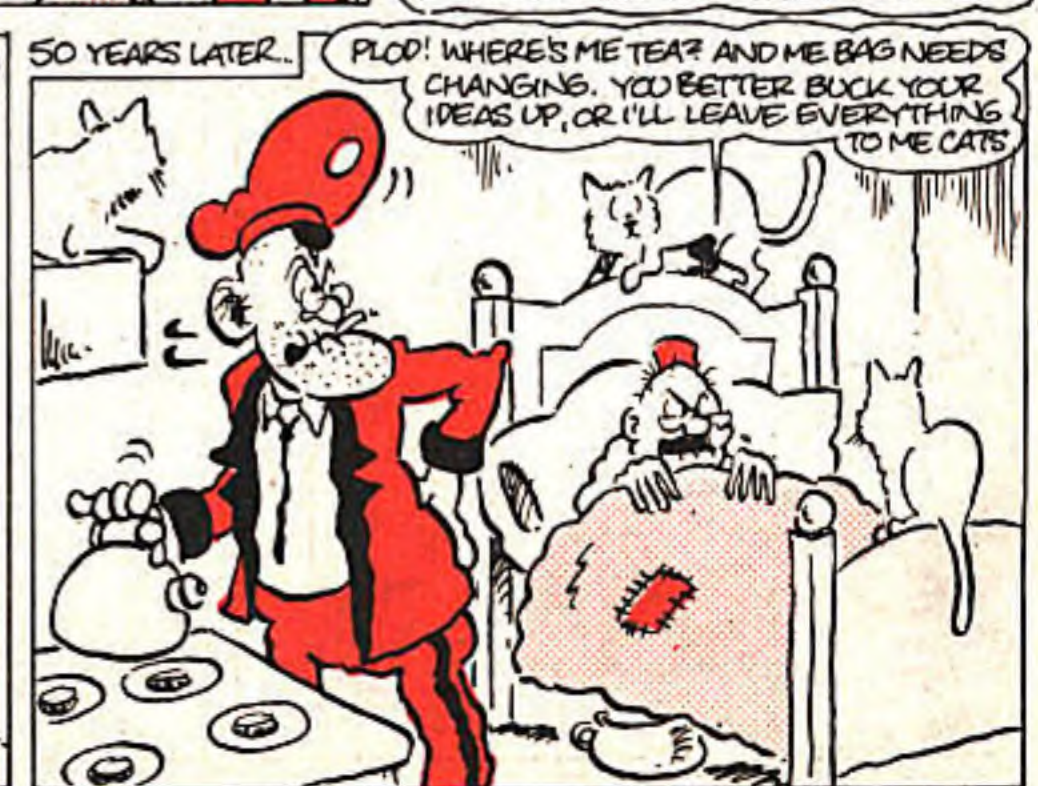
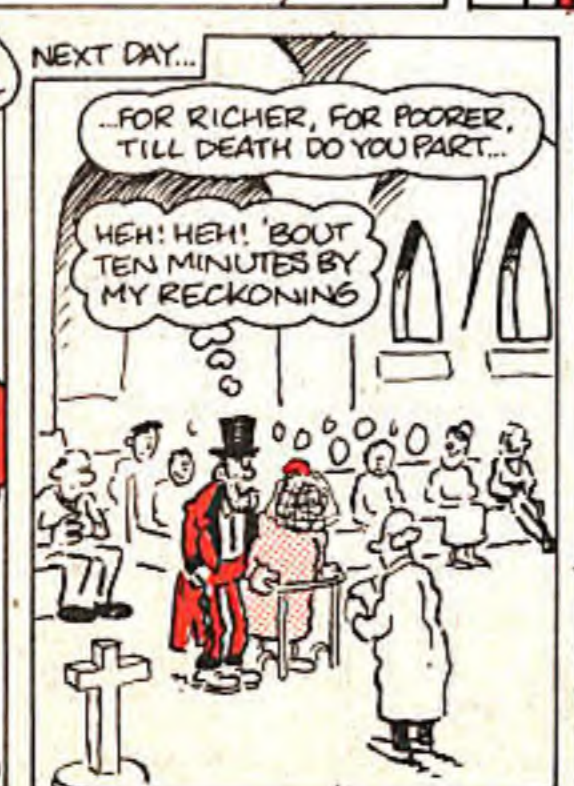
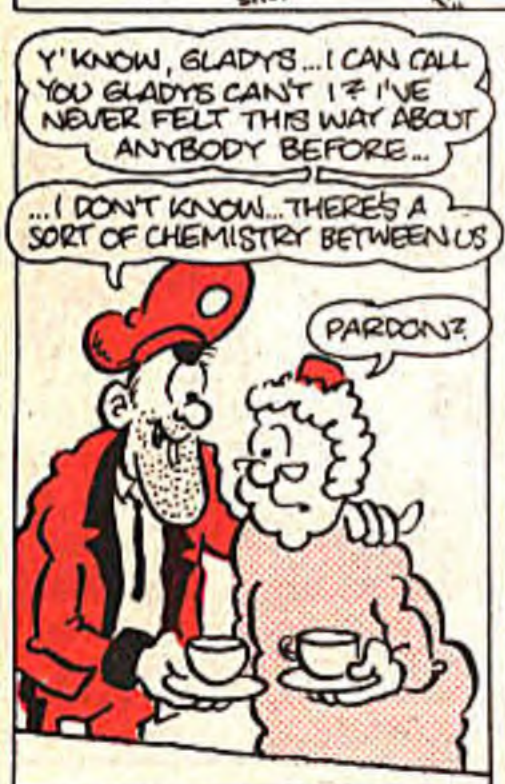
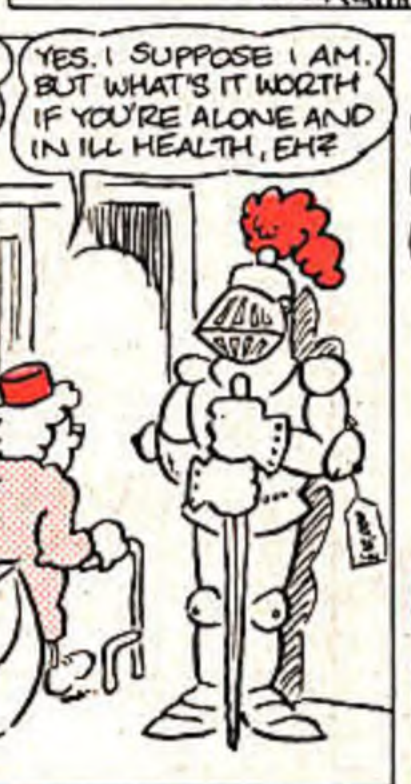
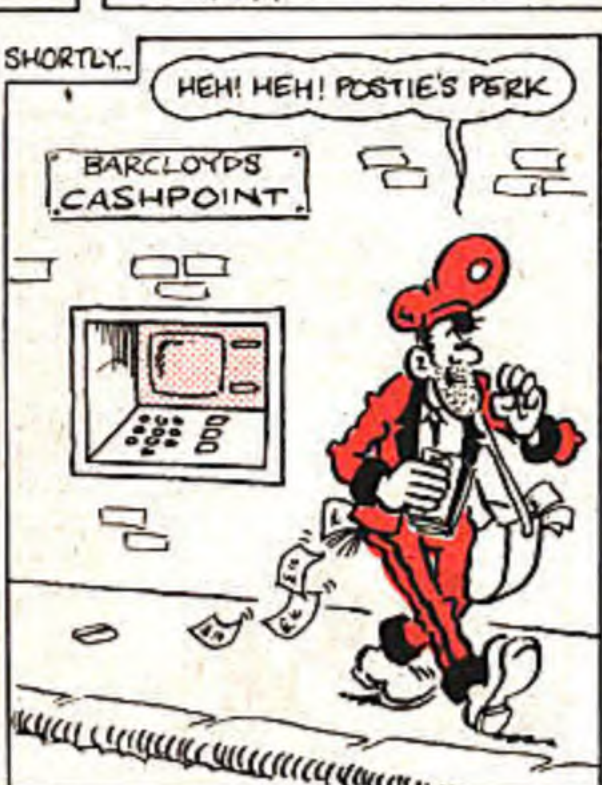


America's former First Lady Nancy Reagan (above) has picked something special to wear. Hope she's *snot* shaking too many hands today. And Jarvis Cocker's doing it, doing it, doing it. Picking his nose and chewing it, all day long.



Postman Plod

The Miserable Bastard



Rosswell Stiles and his INTRIGUING 'X' FILES

MY NAME IS ROSSWELL STILES. AND IN THIS FILING CABINET ARE MY HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL 'X' FILES

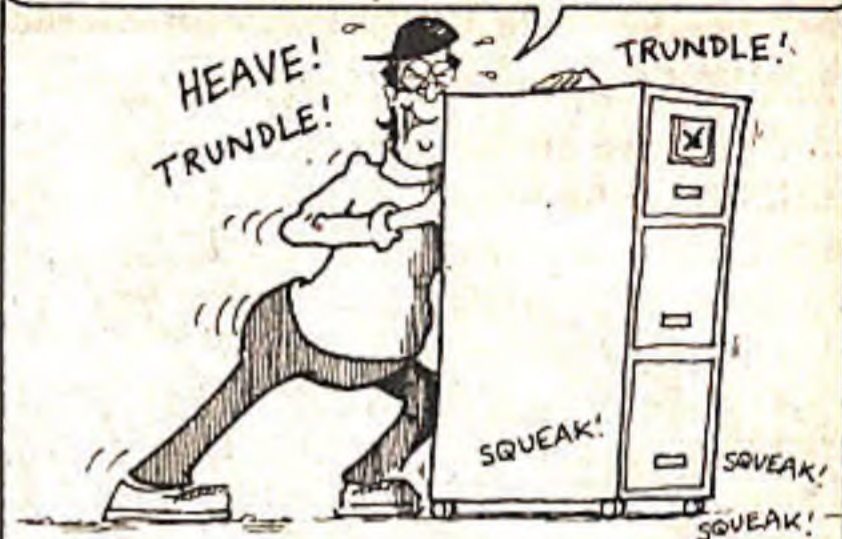


WITHIN THIS VERTICAL SUSPENSION FILING SYSTEM I INTEND TO MAKE A RECORD OF THE UNEXPLAINED. TO OBSERVE THE PARANORMAL.



TO REGISTER, IN STRICT ALPHABETICAL ORDER, BIZARRE OCCURENCES AND ALL MANNER OF STRANGE PHENOMENUMS!

AND SO MY SEARCH BEGINS; FOR FALLING FISH, LIGHTS IN THE SKY, CROP CIRCLES, BIG CATS, SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTIONS, BIZARRE DEATHS, ALIEN ABDUCTIONS, ETC. ETC. ETC.



HEAVE! TRUNDLE!

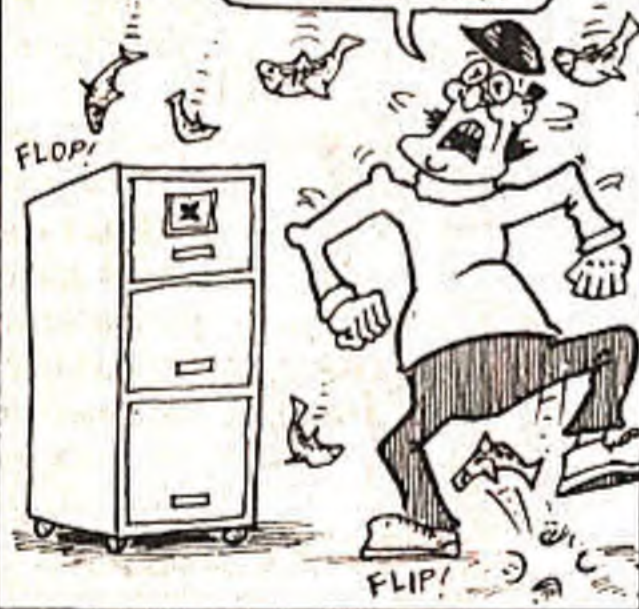
TRUNDLE!

SQUEAK!

SQUEAK!

SQUEAK!

SHORTLY... HEY! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! FISH ARE FALLING FROM THE SKY!

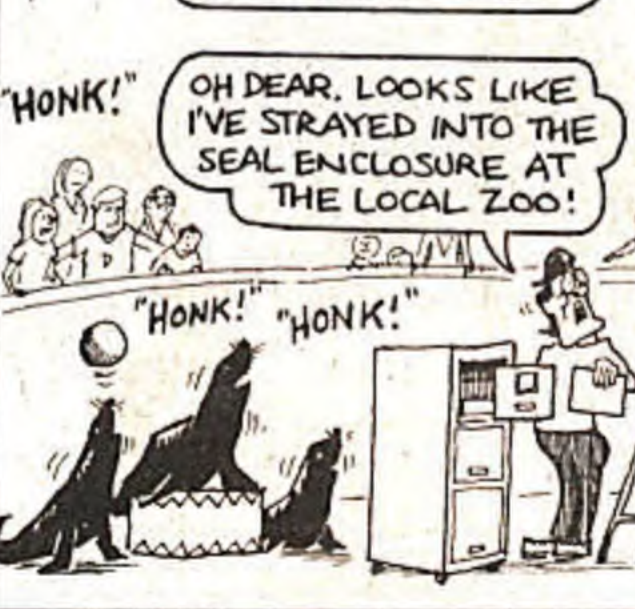


A BIZARRE AND QUITE INEXPLICABLE PHENOMENON...



I'LL RAISE A FILE AND MAKE AN ENTRY UNDER 'F' FOR FALLING FISH!

EXCUSE ME. COULD YOU GET OUT OF THE WAY. I'M TRYING TO FEED THESE SEALS



"HONK!"

OH DEAR. LOOKS LIKE I'VE STRAYED INTO THE SEAL ENCLOSURE AT THE LOCAL ZOO!

"HONK!"

"HONK!"

PERHAPS I'LL FIND SOME SLIGHTLY MORE MYSTERIOUS INCIDENTS OCCURING IN THE PARK



HEAVE!

CREAK!

RUMBLE!

PARK

PHWEF! THESE 'X' FILES ARE HEAVIER THAN I'D ANTICIPATED. I THINK I'LL SETTLE DOWN HERE ON THIS BENCH AND WAIT FOR SOMETHING PHENOMUNAL TO OCCUR



HUM! HUM!

FUNNY! SNIFF! SNIFF! I CAN SMELL BURNING



YIKES! THAT MAN IS ON FIRE!!



WHOOSH!

BRILLIANT! SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION. HE FRIED TO A CRISP RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES! THIS IS AN PHENOMENA TOTALLY BEYOND SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION



'FRAID NOT SON!

THERE'S A SIMPLE EXPLANATION. THIS METHS SODDEN TRAMP WAS SATURATED WITH ALCOHOL. EVEN HIS PISS WAS HIGHLY FLAMMABLE. THE BOOZED UP OLD BEGGAR NO DOUBT IGNITED HIMSELF BY CARELESSLY DISCARDING AN OLD FAG END WHICH HE FOUND IN THE GUTTER



SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION INDEED! HO HO HO!

BAH! THERE WAS A PERFECTLY LOGICAL EXPLANATION



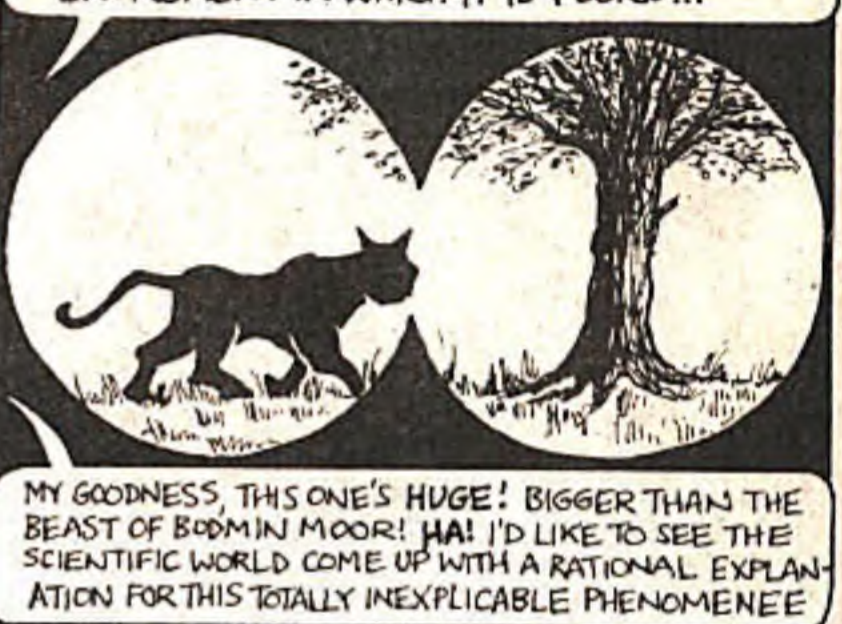
LATER...

SHHH! I'VE SPOTTED AN 'ABC' - OR ALIEN BIG CAT, WITH MY BINOCULARS!



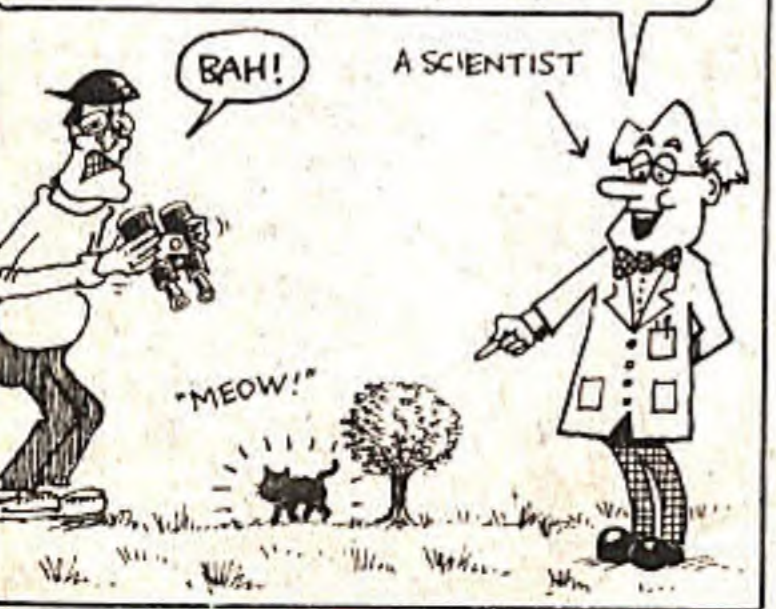
IT'S OVER BY THAT TREE. PROBABLY STALKING SHEEP

YES, IT'S AN ABC ALRIGHT. A LARGE, WILD FELINE SUCH AS A LEOPARD OR PANTHER, ALIEN TO THE ENVIROMENT IN WHICH IT IS FOUND...



MY GOODNESS, THIS ONE'S HUGE! BIGGER THAN THE BEAST OF BOOMIN MOOR! HA! I'D LIKE TO SEE THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD COME UP WITH A RATIONAL EXPLANATION FOR THIS TOTALLY INEXPLICABLE PHENOMENEE

WELL, I'D SAY THAT'S A SMALL KITTEN STANDING NEXT TO A BONSAI TREE, AND YOU'VE GOT YOUR BINOCULARS THE WRONG WAY ROUND

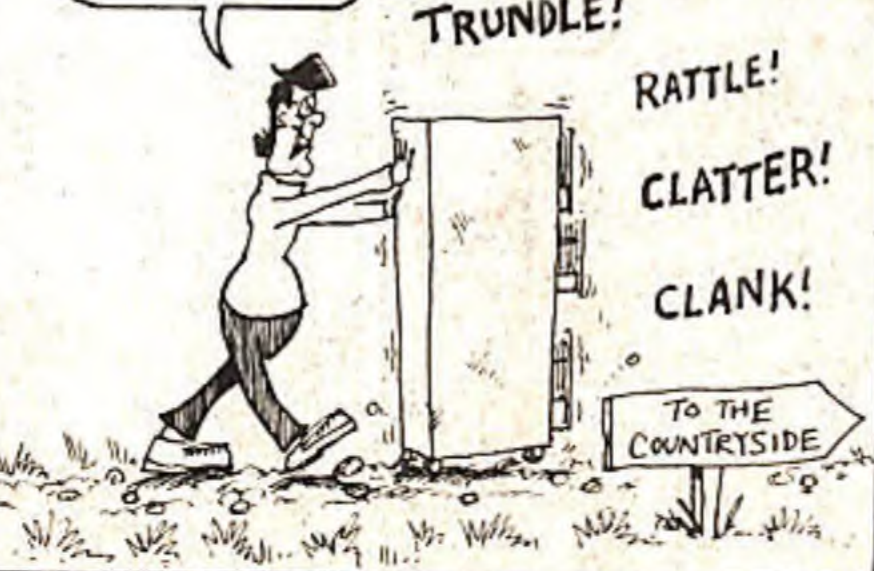


BAH!

A SCIENTIST

"MEOW!"

FUCKING HELL. THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING AROUND HERE WHICH IS BIZARRE OR PARANORMAL, AND BEYOND THE REALMS OF RATIONAL EXPLANATION



TRUNDLE!

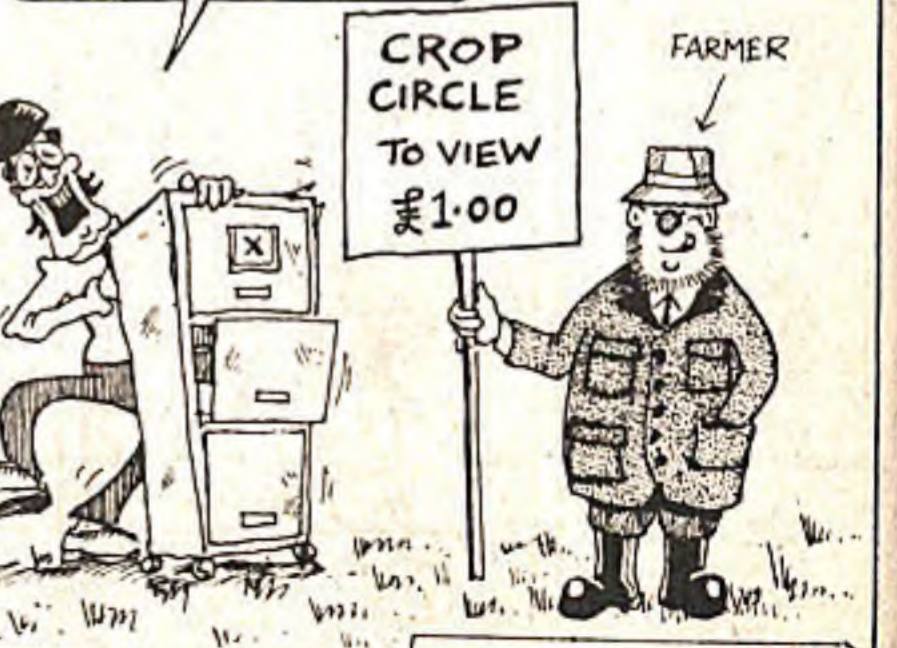
RATTLE!

CLATTER!

CLANK!

TO THE COUNTRYSIDE

AHA! THIS COULD BE IT!

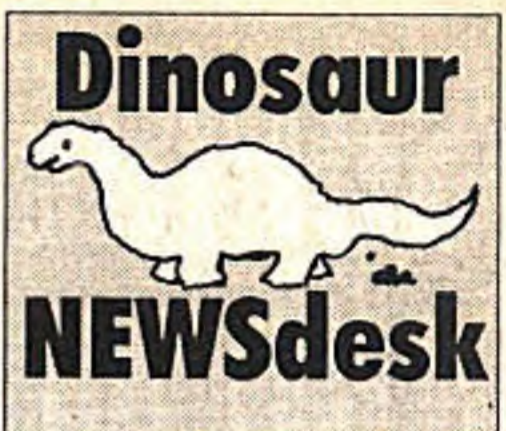


CROP CIRCLE TO VIEW £1.00

FARMER

CONTINUED OPPOSITE

It's a MIRACLE! Christ appears in pool of vomit



JESUS is back. And that's official. For an amazing vision of Christ has appeared in a puddle of sick on the pavement outside a pub in Scarborough.

The miracle - for that is what it is - occurred last Sunday as unemployed abattoir technician Frank Higgins was enjoying a few quiet lunchtime pints. After drinking eight or nine lagers suddenly his life was changed.

Rough

"I'd had a few the night before and was feeling rough so I ate a couple of pickled eggs and some pork scratchings. Suddenly I got the helicopters so I headed for the door. I only just got outside when I puked up".

Green

It was at that moment the miracle vision occurred. For after gazing at his sick for a few moments, Frank then looked at the wall. Slowly the image of Christ began to appear before his eyes, staring right at him. Frank staggered home to get his camera and managed to take this remarkable picture of the vomit puddle just before the pub landlord swilled it away with a bucket of hot water. And now his incredible photograph is amazing sci-

EXCLUSIVE



Mr Higgins (above) stared in total bewilderedness and utter amazement at the puke shape (right) which formed on the pavement.



entists and religious leaders around the world.

Fairway

"Yes, I can definitely see Jesus", said the Pope after looking at our picture. "Yeah. It's good that. I'd never actually seen him before". The Bishop of Durham was unavailable for comment. "He's not playing with his cock in them toilets anymore. He's just gone away on holiday for Easter", said a spokesman.

Can you see Jesus in the sick?

THIS is how it works. Drink eight or nine pints of lager then go to bed. Wake up in the morning and have a fried breakfast. Then go to the pub and eat two pickled eggs followed by eight or nine more pints of beer. Stare hard at the photograph for at least 30 seconds. Try to con-

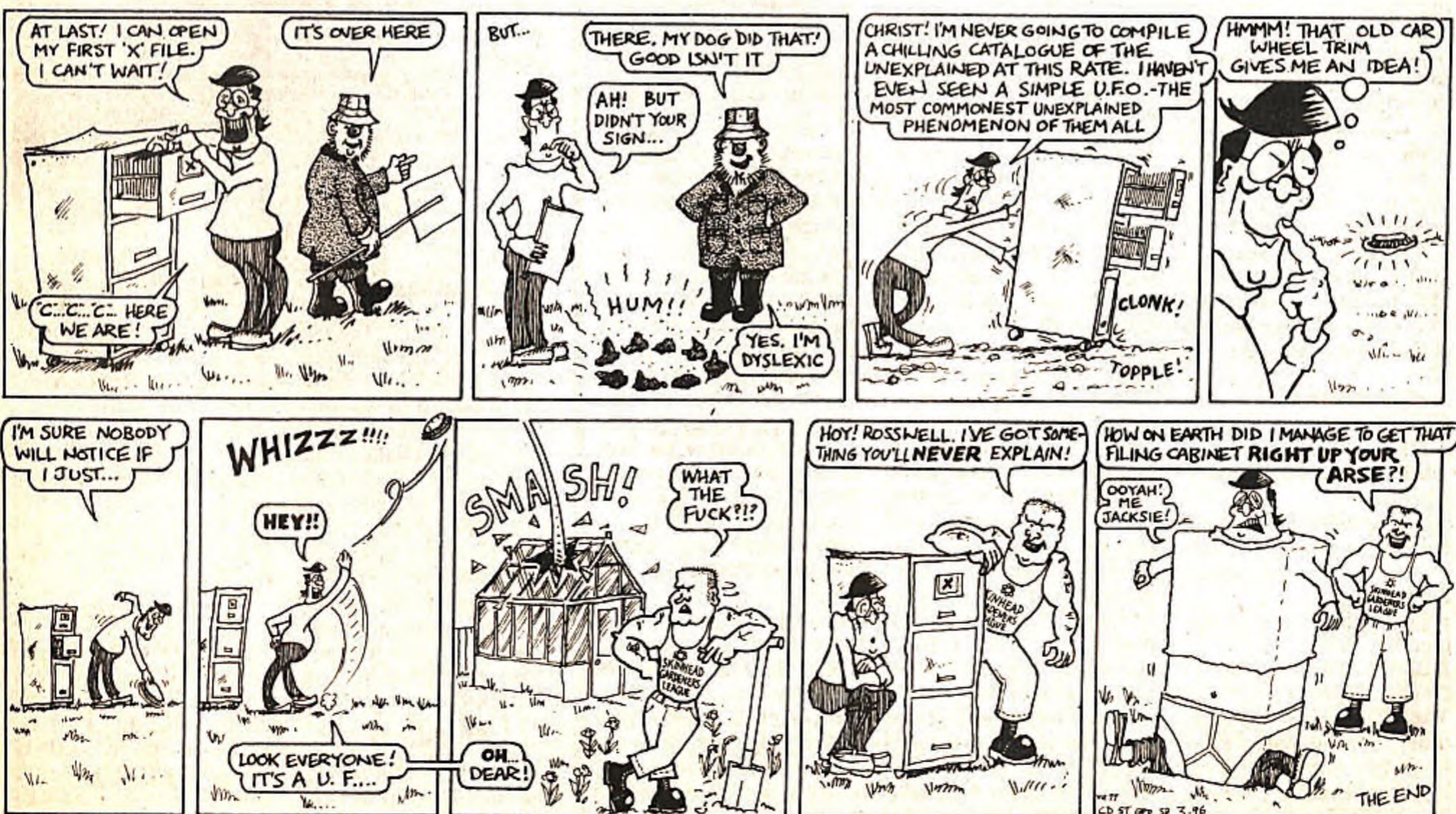
centrate on the bits of sweetcorn in the middle. Then quickly focus your eyes on a white wall or ceiling. It might take a few seconds, but, incredibly, a vision of Christ will slowly appear and stare straight back at you. Or you'll throw up. One or the other.

Mad dino disease

Dinosaurs may have died out as a result of an early form of 'mad cow disease' according to scientists. There is evidence that some dinosaurs may have gone mad after eating contaminated offal. Fossilised remains of a Brontosaurus dressed as Napoleon were discovered in the Nevada desert in 1994, and DNA tests have shown that a Pleisiosaur unearthed in Africa last year thought it was a teapot.

Dinosaurs wore suits

Dinosaurs may have worn clothes, according to new scientific research. US scientists have discovered fragments of clothing on dinosaur remains in Alaska. Initial reconstructions of the material which had been preserved in mud suggests that the giant reptiles wore baggy suits, not unlike the 'zoot suits' fashionable in America during the thirties.



SOPHIE STRIPTease IS BAD NUDES FOR QUEEN!

Sex show just what royal doctors DIDN'T order!

STUNNING Royal-to-be Sophie Rhys-Jones has a disgusting sex secret that she's hiding from her Prince Charming. For innocent Edward is unaware of Sophie's shameful and sordid past.

But now the cat is out of the bag. For today we can exclusively reveal that the raunchy redhead once appeared starkers in a doctors surgery. And saucy Sophie has also featured naked in the changing rooms at her local swimming baths.

Curtains

Rhys-Jones will be red faced when the Royals read about her porny past. For news of her bare exposure could mean curtains for her planned engagement to the Prince. And adoring Edward, who is completely besotted with the former schoolgirl, will find the truth about his Princess-in-waiting hard to stomach.

Croutons

Sophie's steamy closed set session with her GP came to light when old medical records were found by undercover reporters after they had been carelessly discarded in a locked filing cabinet at a doctor's surgery in Cardiff. Described by her doctor as an 'examination', it took place six years ago when Sophie was an unknown 18 year old. Feeling rather poorly she booked an appointment to see her family doctor. In the fifteen minute 'consultation' that followed sexy Sophie obliged the doctor by:

- ★ **STRIPPING** down to her lacy bra and panties behind a screen.
- ★ **LYING BACK** on a black vinyl couch.
- ★ **BREATHING DEEPLY** as the doctor ran his stethoscope across her naked chest
- ★ **GROANING** as he examined her throat.
- ★ **SIMULATING** a cough.

The sex files also reveal that Sophie answered forthright questions about her health using explicit language. Her doctor then

Prince's pal Sophie bared all!

handed her a prescription which he had written by hand. His hand writing was shaky and barely legible. Afterwards Miss Rhys-Jones casually dressed and then left the building via a front exit.

In the wake of Fergie's notorious indiscretions and Princess Di's self confessed infidelity this latest episode is bound to come as yet another embarrassment to the Palace.

Futons

"Bloody hell. The Queen will shit herself when she hears this. All we need is another bleedin' tart joining the Royal family. Fuck me! As if things aren't bad enough already", said an official Palace spokesman last night.

Is THIS woman fit to be QUEEN?



Is Sophie Rhys-Jones fit to be the Queen of England? That's the question we're asking YOU, the public, in the light of revelations about her taking her clothes off.

With three Royal marriages already up the spout should the Queen allow Edward to marry a woman who is prepared to get her kit off at the drop of a doctor's hat? Do we really want the kind of woman who performs lewd lap dances in front of middle aged men as the future Queen of England? Will she be prepared to reign over us, happy and glorious, like in the words of the Queen's song? Or like them other two, will she simply turn round

and shit on us from a height the minute she gets her foot inside the Palace door?

"The question is virtually irrelevant as there are no conceivable circumstances under which Edward's chosen bride could succeed to the throne", expert Royal watcher Andrew Morton told us yesterday. Bollocks. Don't listen to that ponce. What do YOU think? Ring TODAY and have YOUR say.

Unfortunately we haven't got any of them phone lines so you'll just have to ring each other and discuss it amongst yourselves. But drop us a line and let us know what you decide afterwards.



WHAT THE DOCTOR SAW. Surgery temperatures would have been sent soaring as this saucy scene was sawed by Sophie's doctor. This tasteful reconstruction was posed by our models Julie Christie and Michael Winner.

Stink something Symbol!

THE artist formerly known as Prince is really getting up his record company bosses' noses.

For the star currently being referred to as a symbol is set to change his name again. And this time the pint sized popster - favourite colour purple - is set to be known only as a smell!

Fruitcake

Born Arthur Gerald McNab, it was as Prince that the four foot fruitcake rocketed to stardom in the eighties. Three years ago he changed his name to an anonymous squiggle - a cross between the CND logo and a trumpet. Next the notorious nutter plans to drop that, preferring a pong instead. But record company bosses fear the odour could cause confusion among the record buying public.

Flapjack

"It's difficult to put a smell into alphabetical order", warned Edmundo Capp-

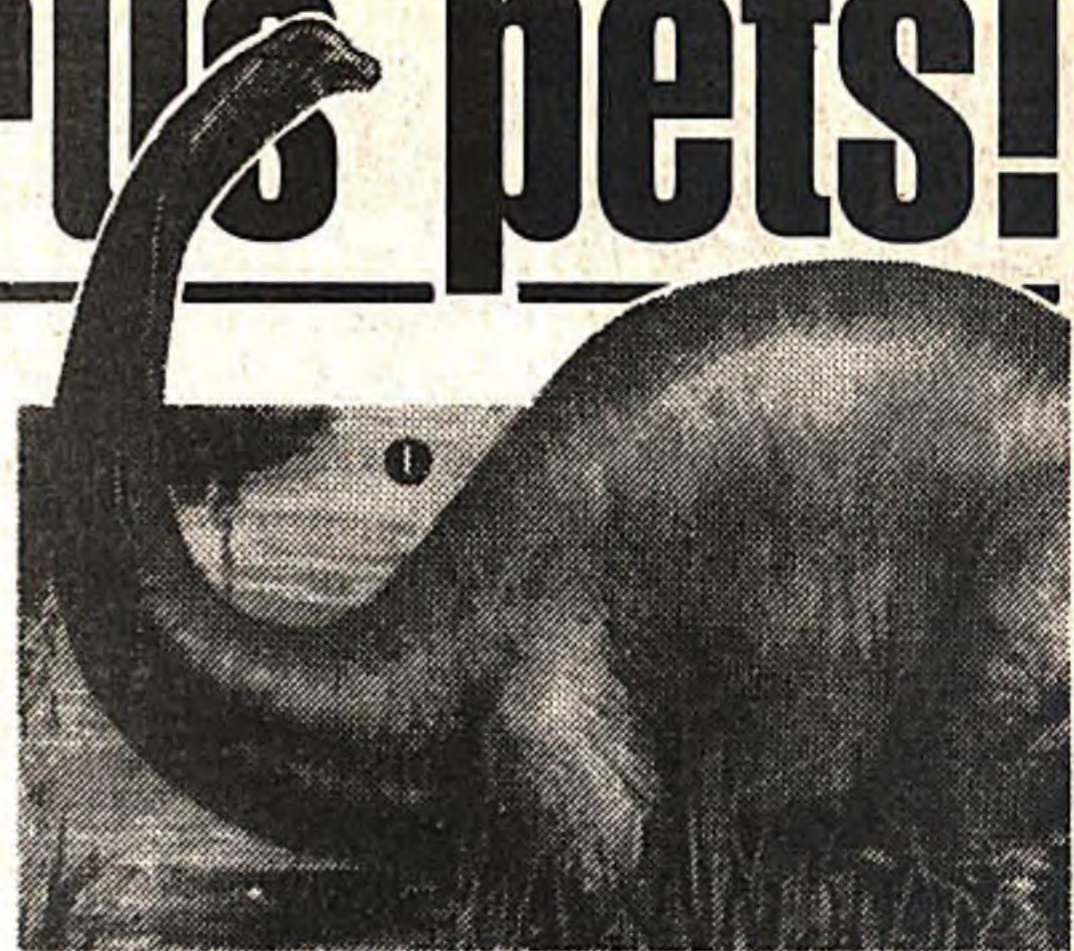


acino, head of Warner Brothers Records. He fears a drop in record sales will inevitably follow any such change. "Fans looking for his records might just think someone's farted. And they won't be able to ask the assistants for help unless they can somehow recreate the smell at the right point during the conversation".

Flip-flop

Prince is known to have considered various smells in his search for a new name, including fish. However close friends say the star has settled on a smell which is a bit like creosote.

Tyrannosaurus pets!



Some dinosaurs yesteryear.

down his toilet. It jammed the sewage pipe and the plumber who was called to unblock the drain lost an arm. These are wild prehistoric animals, not pets. They do not belong in captivity", the spokesman told us.

Tesp

Several garden centres we spoke to denied selling

dinosaur eggs. However a spokesman for DIY giants B&Q said that if they did stock them they would probably be under Garden Ornaments.

"If you hang on I'll page someone from Gardening. They might be able to help you", we were told. Two hours later we got fed up with waiting and hung up.

Don't get caught in those April showers!

Say **NO** to gloomy weather misery with **WeatherWatch**

Why rely on TV weather forecasts that are often wrong?

Example: 25th April 1995, TV's Ian McGasgill

SAID "Sunny"

Mrs B. of Essex was fed up with dull, dreary forecasts on TV. So she wrote to **WeatherWatch**.

"I was sick and tired of getting my washing wet and going to the shops in unsuitable clothing because of misleading weather predictions. The hurricane of 1988 was the last straw. So I tried WeatherWatch. Now my outlook is bright and my weather forecasts are always sunny"

Mrs B., Essex

We provide *independent, bright and accurate* weather forecasts for *your* local area at prices you can afford. So if you want to know about the weather tomorrow... **fill in the form TODAY!**

To: WeatherWatch Postal Meteorological Services Ltd. (Dept. VZ), P.O. Box 25, Braintree, Essex.

I would like to know what the weather will be like on the following day. (Tick one) ☐ Tomorrow ☐ Other (Please specify).....

Name..... Address..... Post Code.....

To assist our meteorological department please indicate what the weather was like yesterday ☐ RAINY ☐ WINDY ☐ CLOUDY ☐ SUNNY ☐ OTHER

I enclose cheque/postal order for £75.00 payable to 'WeatherWatch'. I understand that this fee is non refundable. Signed..... *PLEASE ALLOW 28 DAYS FOR DELIVERY



Tragic youngster Paul McIntock pictured weeks before the tragedy

began to appear in the ceiling below."

On the advice of a consultant structural engineer the triceratops was moved to a ground floor room with a concrete floor. But disaster struck one morning when the animal ate Paul. John had no choice but to have the beast destroyed, an all too familiar scenario to the officers of the RSPCA.

Pest

"On one occasion a man tried to flush a Pleisiosaur

"Dinosaur egg trade is no yolk" say RSPCA

But before they know it the egg has hatched and the soon find themselves with a hundred foot long dinosaur on their hands which eats up to 500 pounds of raw meat - or two whole trees - per day".

Step

Tragic father John McIntock bought his son Paul a triceratops egg to replace a hamster which had died. "It was a lovely little thing at first", he told us. "Paul kept it in his bedroom and fed it crickets. But within a week it was too big for its box, and after a month cracks

Pets

"Dinosaurs are not domesticated animals. They do not make good pets", warned a spokesman for the RSPCA. "People buy these attractive eggs on a whim. To them they're something of a novelty.

Time bandits net £5000

THIEVES escaped with a haul of £5000 yesterday after a daring raid on a building society in Stockport.

Terrified staff were held at gunpoint by two armed men who demanded cash before making their escape in a time machine. They were last seen heading towards Manchester at the time of the industrial revolution. Their vehicle was later found abandoned and burnt out in Runcorn at a primitive bronze age settlement during an archeological dig in March 1958. Police believe the gang transferred to a second time machine to make good their escape.

Witnesses describe the men as in their late 20s or early 30s. One was tall, unshaven and

By our Crime and Time correspondents
Sapphire and Steel

dressed in 19th Century American clothing. He wore a distinctive wide brimmed hat. The other was of stocky build, Roman in appearance and wore body armour and leather sandals, although the police believe these may have been disguises.

Public

A spokesman for Greater Manchester C.I.D. today appealed for members of the public from all periods in time - past, present and future - to come for-

wards - or backwards - if they have any information about the crime. "Someone, somewhere knows - or knew - who these men are. Or were. Or indeed will be. I appeal to them to get in touch. Any information will be treated in the strictest confidence".

Anaesthetic

However he issued a warning to any members of the public who come into contact with the men. "These men are armed and extremely dangerous. I have no doubt that they would use violence if confronted. If you see them you should act quickly and wrestle them to the ground before they get a chance to shoot or stab you."

THE ALL-NEW ADVENTURES OF Billy the Fish

DESPITE BEING BORN HALF-MAN, HALF-FISH, YOUNG BILLY THOMPSON HAD MADE THE GOALKEEPER'S JERSEY AT PREMIER LEAGUE LEADERS FULCHESTER UTD. HIS OWN.

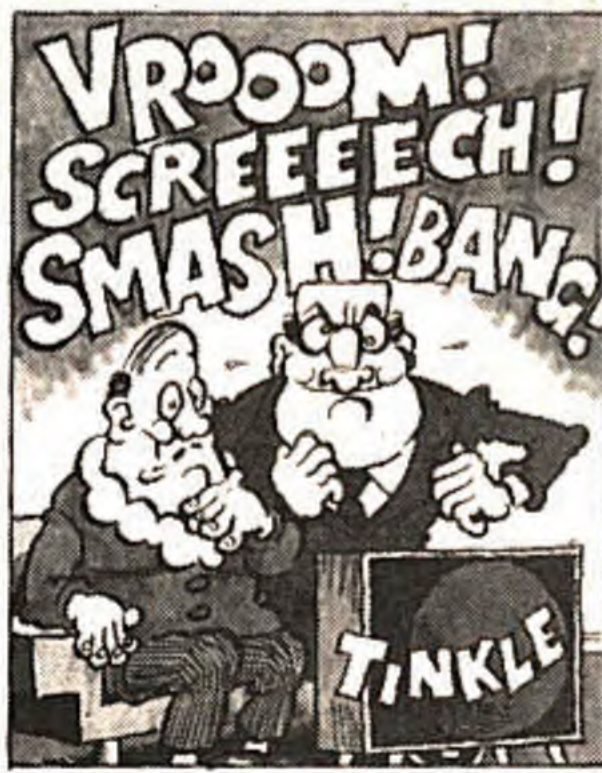
FULCHESTER MANAGER TOMMY BROWN HAS BEEN CALLED IN TO SEE CHAIRMAN SIR WINDYARD HALL...



I HAVE A VISION TOMMY. OF A SPORTING CLUB OF FULCHESTER - TO RIVAL THE GREATEST CLUBS IN EUROPE.



YESTERDAY, I PURCHASED A DOZEN McLAREN F1 SPORTS CARS AND ENTERED THEM IN THE 1996 KENTUCKY FIVE THOUSAND DESTRUCTION DERBY. I HAVE ALSO ASTUTELY SECURED THE SERVICES OF TOP DRIVER ANDREW RIDGELY TO HEAD THE RACING TEAM.



WELL. IN A SENSE, THAT WAS A MOST SPECTACULAR AND EXPENSIVE TWO MINUTES OF ENTERTAINMENT. BUT IT'S PUT FULCHESTER WELL AND TRULY ON THE INTERNATIONAL SPORTING MAP.



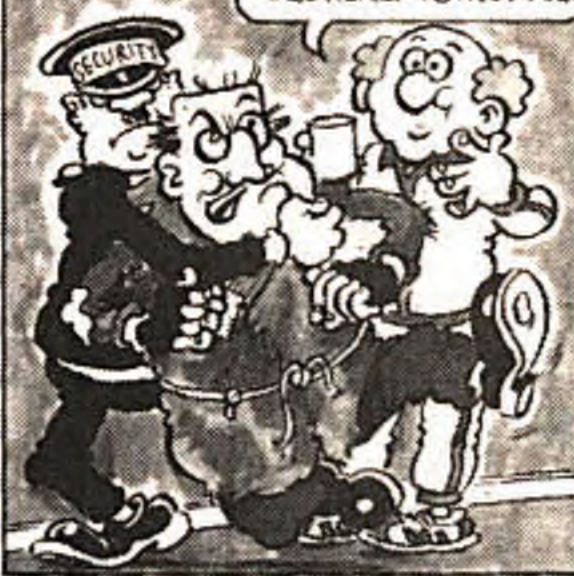
IN A VERY REAL SENSE, I HAD MORE MONEY THAN SENSE, BUT IN A SENSE THAT'S NO LONGER THE CASE.



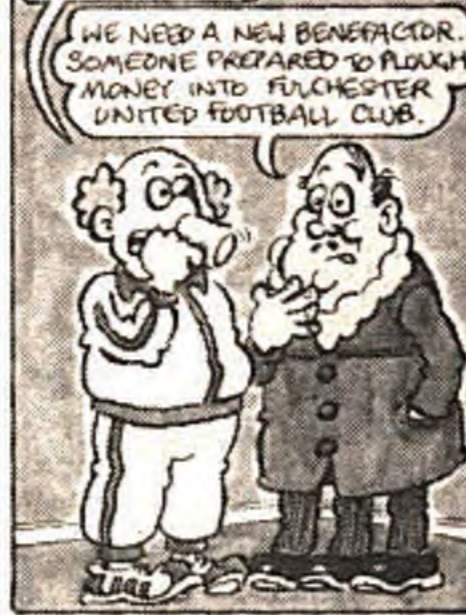
...SO MY NEXT GOAL IS TO START BRITAIN'S VERY FIRST CIDER-DRINKING CENTRE OF EXCELLENCE, BRINGING REGENERATION AND PROSPERITY TO THE AREA NEXT TO SOME BINS BENEATH THE RAILWAY ARCHES.



BUT I WON'T STOP THERE. I INTEND TO INCORPORATE AN INTERNATIONAL CLUB OF TROUSER PISsing - AND - WITHIN 3 YEARS, A WORLD-RENOwNED CENTRE FOR INCOHERENT SHOUTING.



WELL TOMMY. SIR WINDYARD'S MILLIONS HAVE ALL GONE. WE'RE STONY BROKE. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?



KNOCK KNOCK!

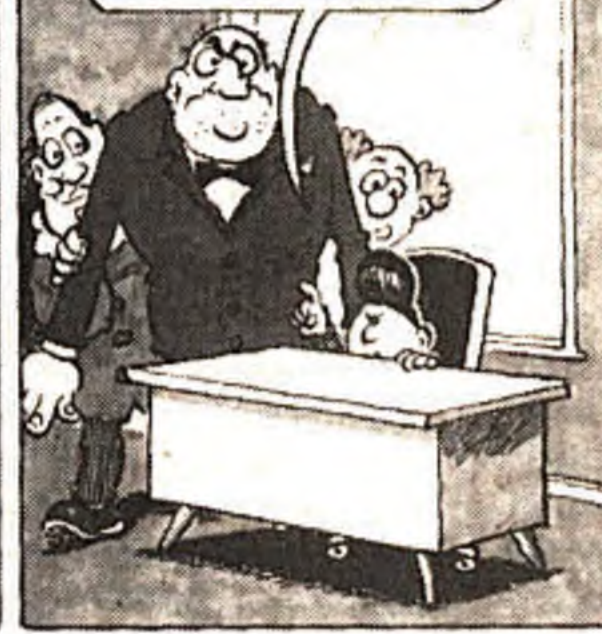
AH. THAT'LL BE A BENEFACTOR PREPARED TO PLOUGH MILLIONS INTO FULCHESTER UNITED FOOTBALL CLUB.



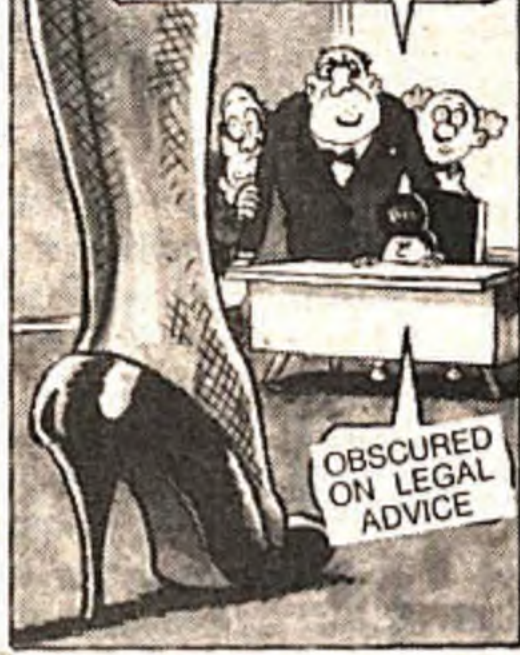
GOSH. IT'S PINT-SIZED WANK MAGNATE DIDDY O'SULLIVAN. AND HIS MINDER.



I'M TAKING OVER THIS CLUB - AND I HEREBY APPOINT A GLAMOROUS DOLLY-BIRD TO FLASH HER PINS AND RUN THE BUSINESS.



I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET YOUR NEW BOSS...



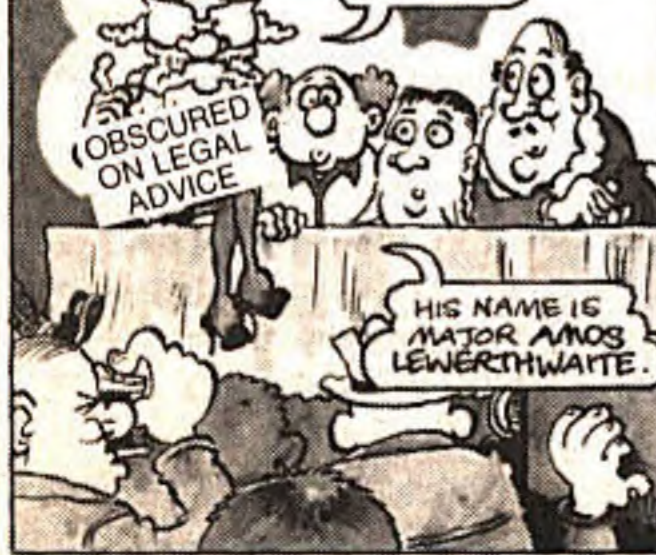
PHWOAR! I WOULDN'T CLIMB OVER HER TO GET TO YOU SID.



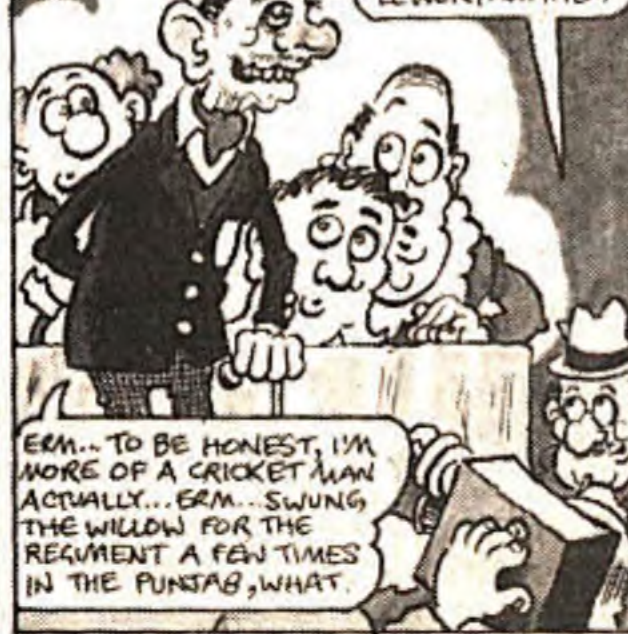
THE NEXT DAY, AT A HASTILY ARRANGED PRESS CONFERENCE...



WELL, MY FIRST MOVE WILL BE TO APPOINT A NEW CAPTAIN - TO REPLACE BILLY THE FISH. THE NEW CAPTAIN IS A GENTLEMAN FRIEND OF MINE, WHOM I MET AT A WHIST DRIVE RECENTLY.



ERM... HAVE YOU PLAYED MUCH FOOTBALL BEFORE, MAJOR LEWERTHWAITTE?



SURELY - SHE CAN'T DO THAT, TOMMY.

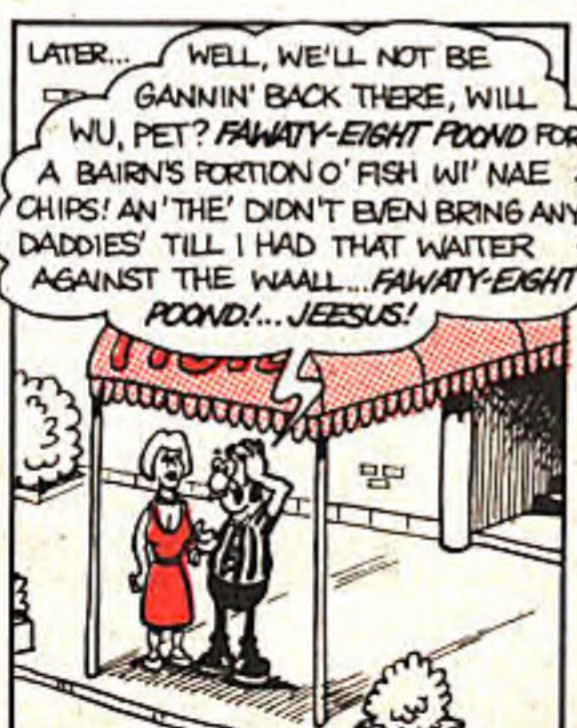


BUT... WE HAVE A CHAMPIONSHIP DECIDER TOMORROW - AGAINST ARCH-RIVALS GRIMTHORPE CITY. IT'S A SIX-POINTER!



Probably not to be continued in the next issue

the GADGET



Though April showers may come your way - but let the cabar-rain on your parade, old chum!

Liza Minnelli's Spaghetti Umbrelli

in association with the late Gene Kelly

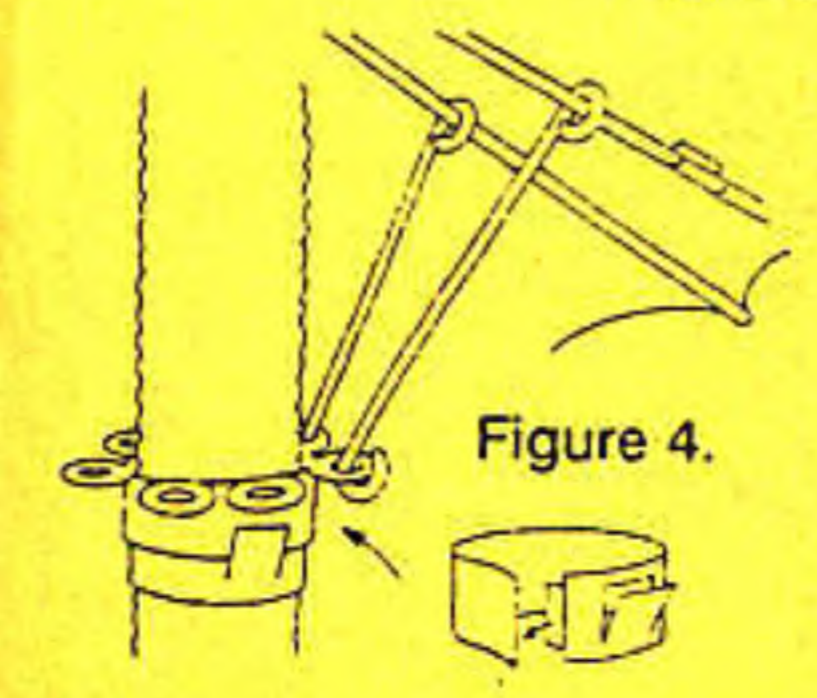
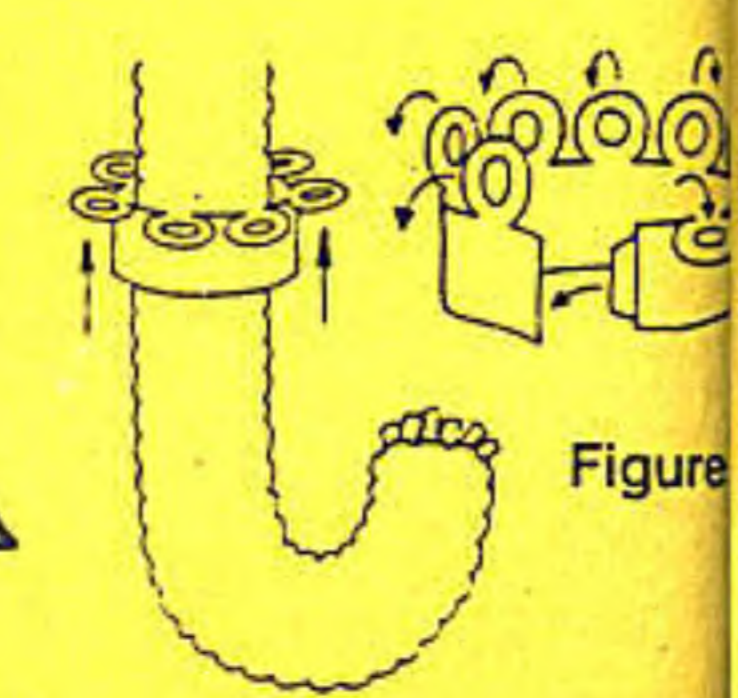
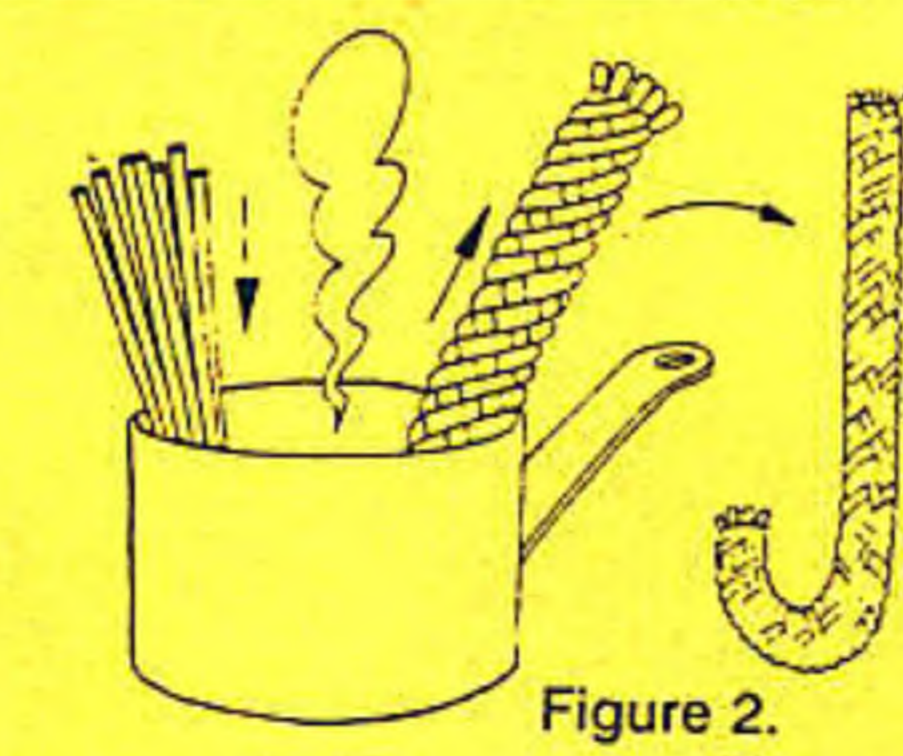
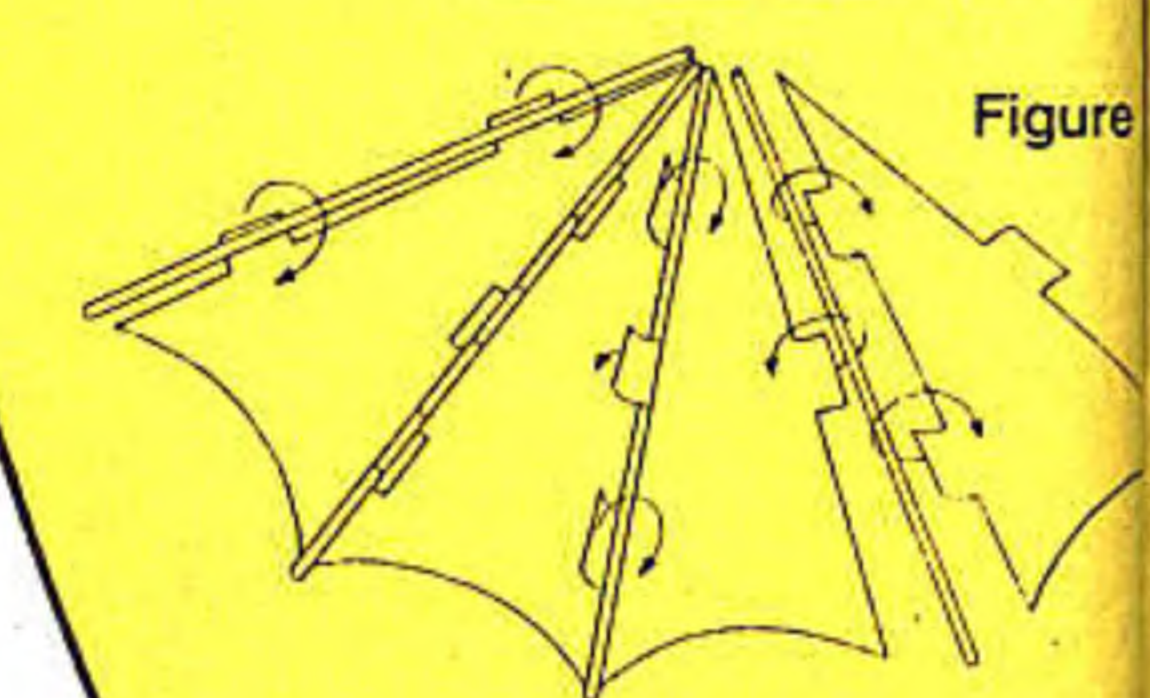
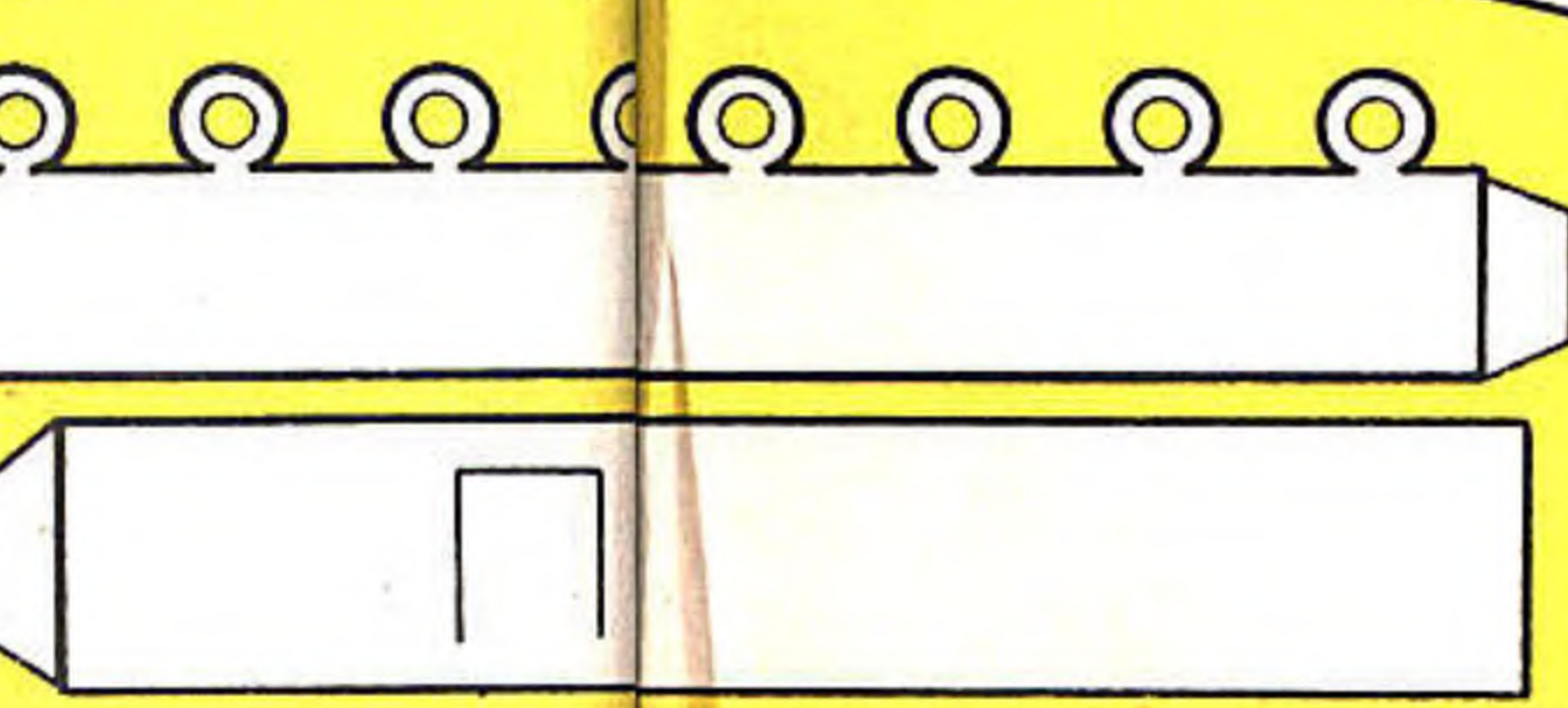
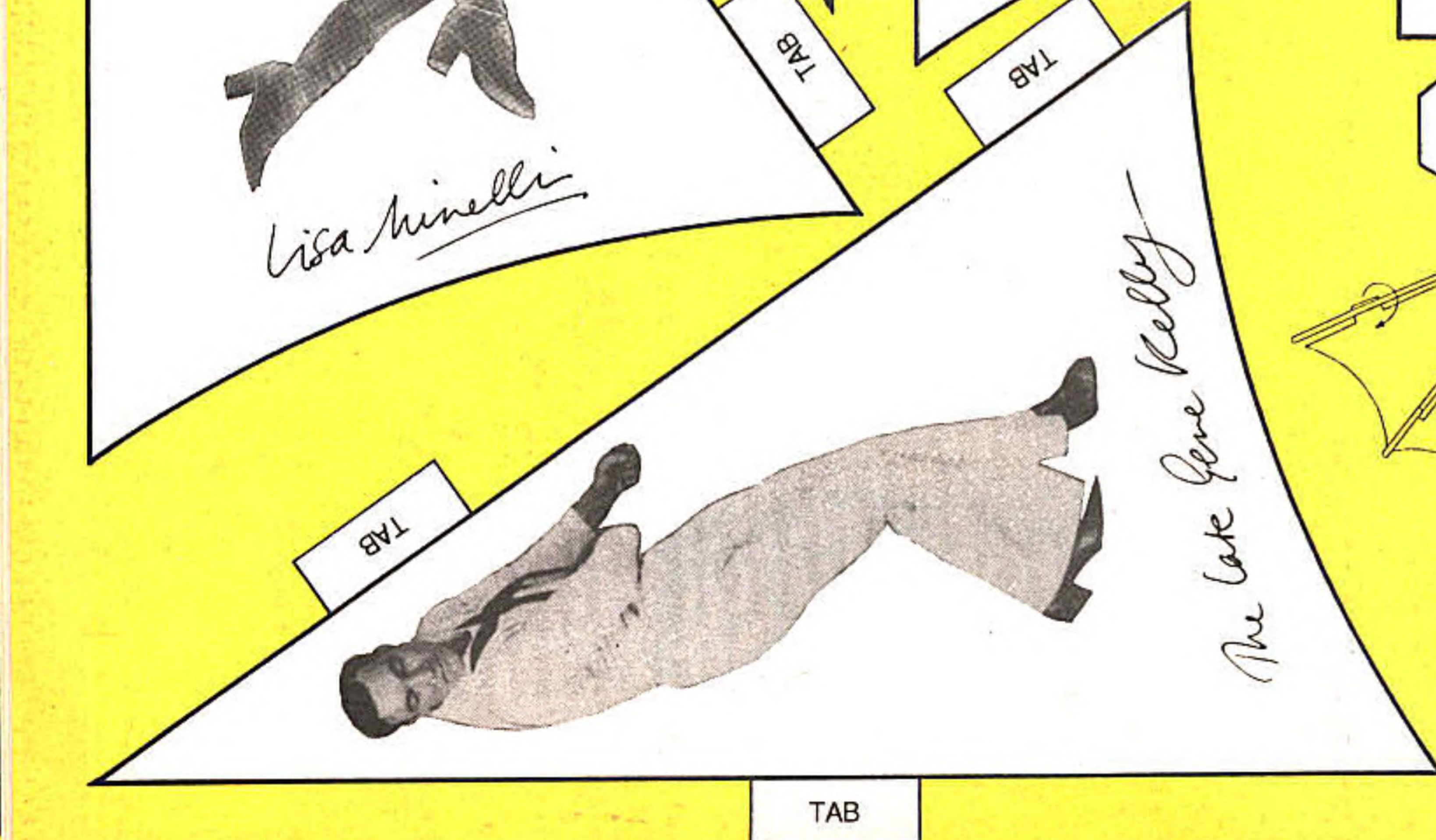
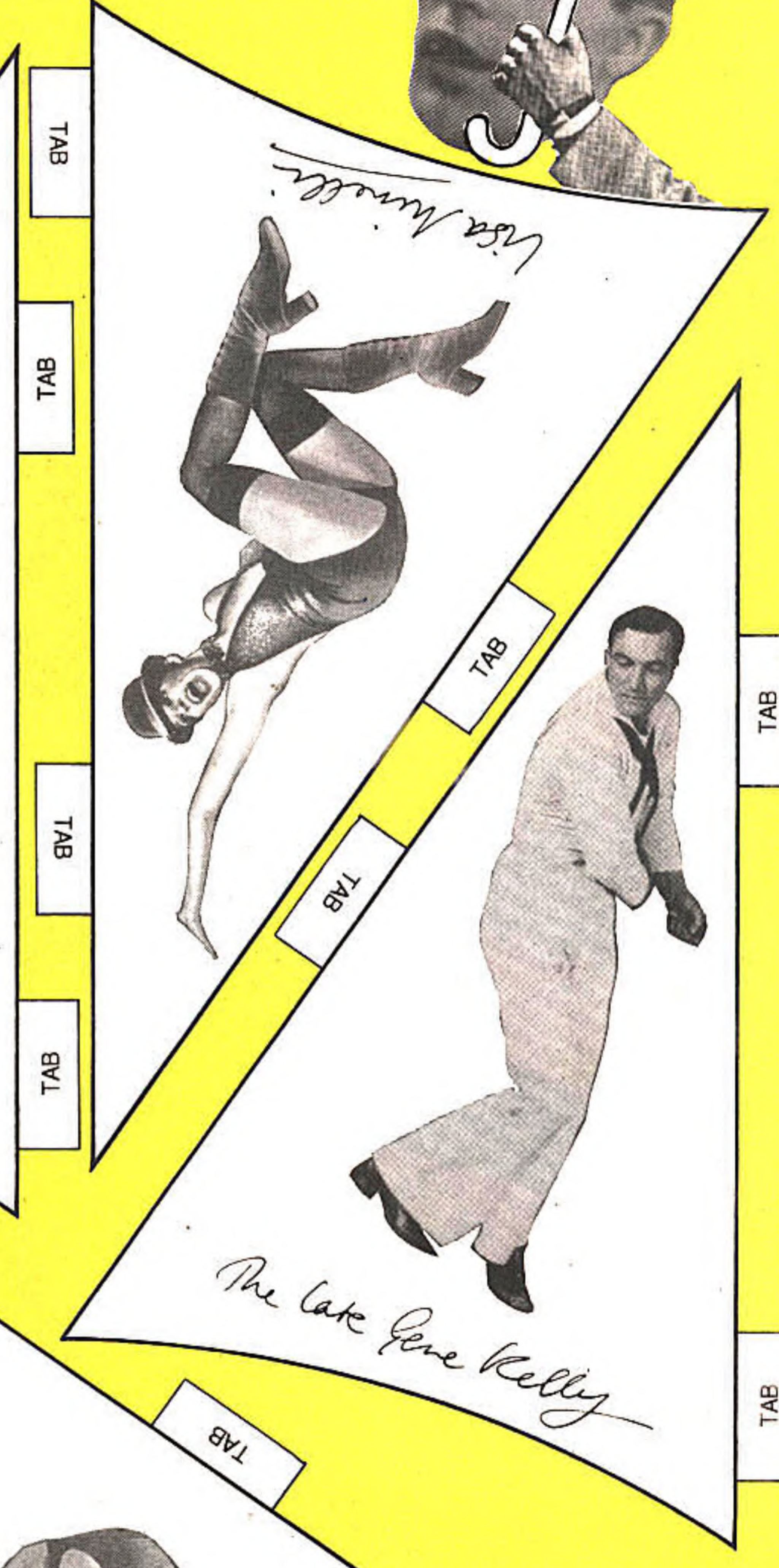
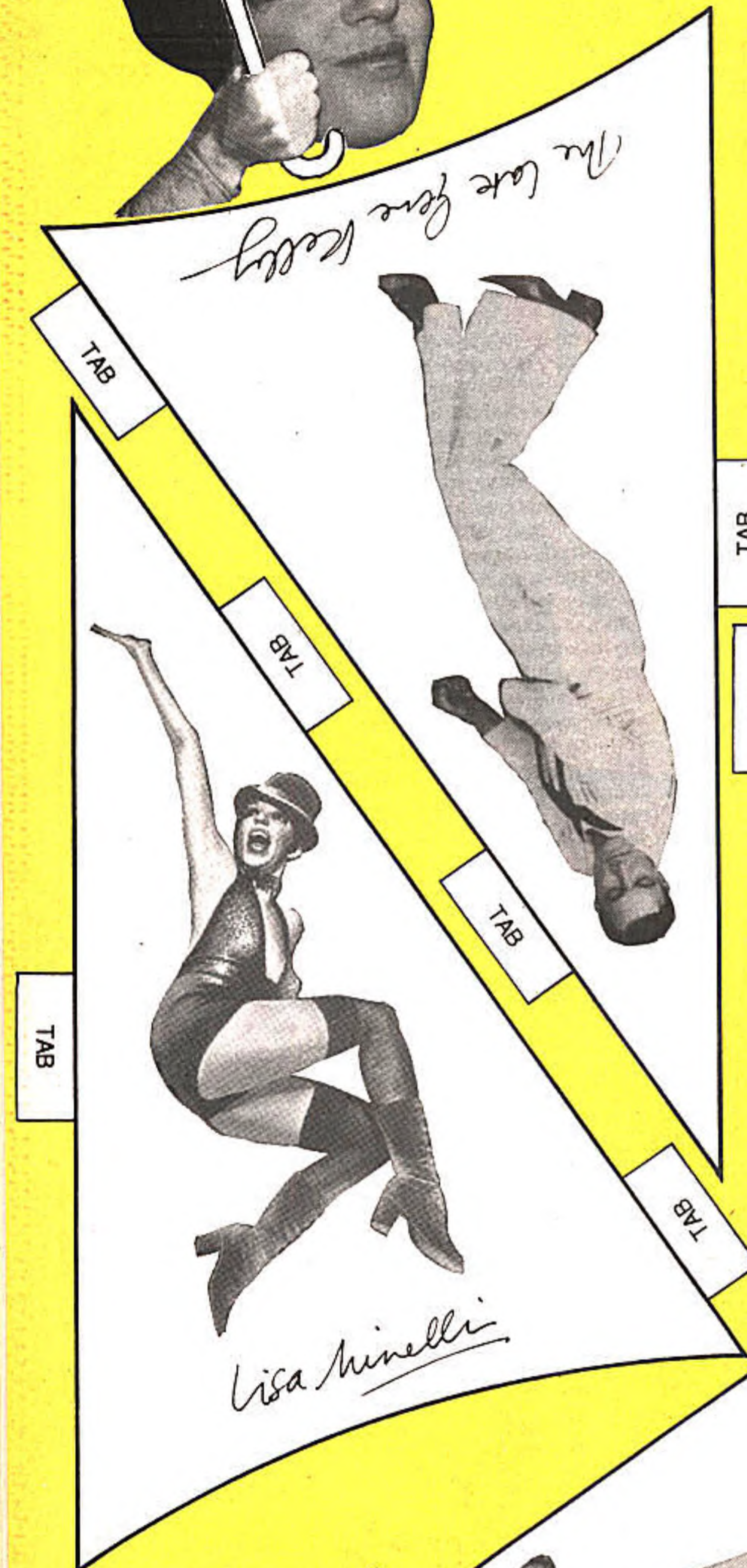
1996 will go down in history as a song and dance milestone. For in the year when the great Gene Kelly finally stopped singing and dancing in the rain, Liza Minnelli discovered that life was still a cabaret of chum, even at the ripe old age of fifty. To celebrate his birthday, and the sad death of a living legend, we are proud to present every single reader with a commemorative Spaghetti Umbrelli.

What better way to fend off those April showers that may come your way than with a pasta parasol. The perfect parasol to use when singing and dancing in the rain. It's practical and its easy to construct - and because its made out of spaghetti it costs you nothing (providing you already have some spaghetti). Simply follow the instructions, then sit back and wait for that glorious feeling - you're happy again!!

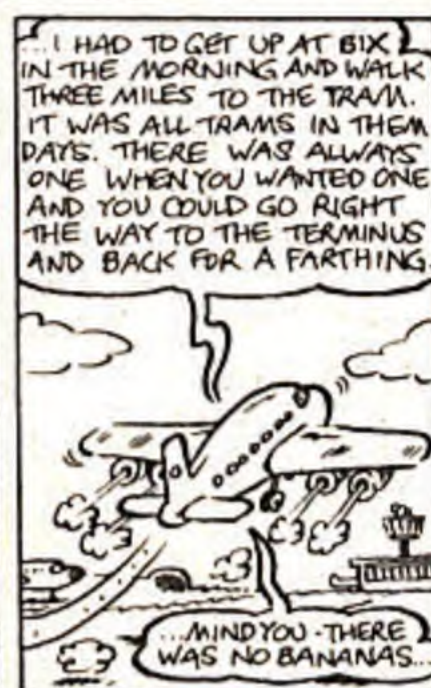
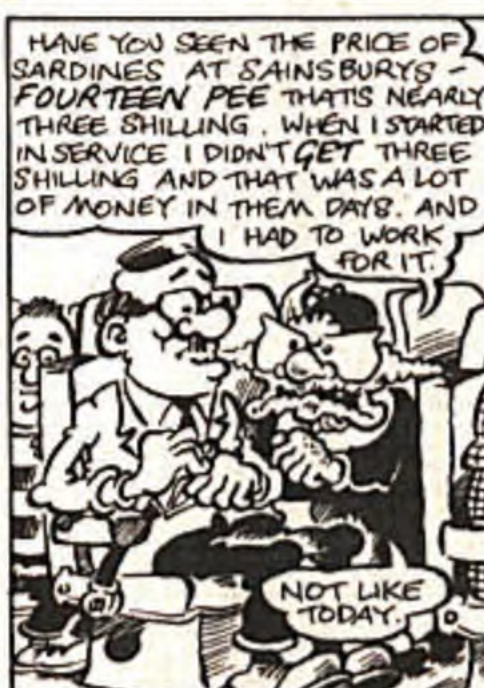
It's simple

First cut out the eight umbrella panels and tabs along with erecting and locking collars. Assemble the canopy by wrapping the tabs around eight lengths of spaghetti (figure 1), securing with paste or tape. Rainproof each panel by coloring it in with a wax crayon. To construct the main shaft of the umbrelli, take a dozen lengths of spaghetti and plait them under boiling water, bending the plait into the characteristic walking stick shape (figure 2). NB. When plaiting spaghetti under boiling water there may be a risk of scalding.

To prevent this wrap tin foil around each fingertip and wear marigold gloves AT ALL TIMES. Affix the canopy to the shaft somehow. Assemble the erecting collar and slide on the shaft (figure 3). Take eight shorter lengths of spaghetti. Dip each end into boiling water and when soft loop around each of the gamp canopy spars as shown. Loop other end and affix through holes in the erecting collar allowing sufficient but not excessive play. Finally position and fix the locking collar (figure 4). Your umbrelli is now ready for use.



Mrs BRADY OLD LADY



ROY of CRESCENT NEWS



28 year old Roy Racey had only one dream, to become a paperboy for his local newsagents, Crescent News...



Perhaps today's the day I'll finally get to do a paper round



Timmy, you're on Armstrong Road. Number 6 is on holiday, so no papers there. And look out for the dog at number 14

Right, now go out there, lads and enjoy yourselves



What about me, boss?

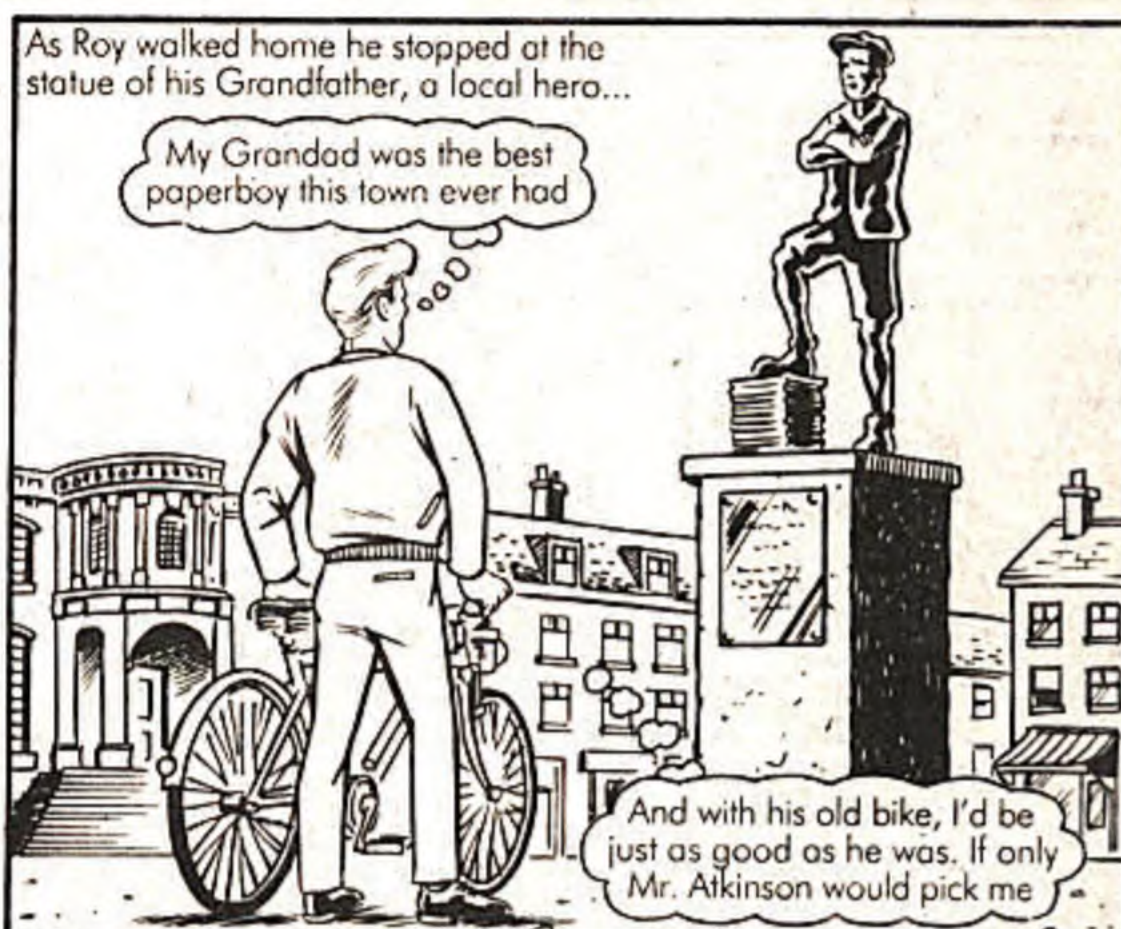
Sorry, Roy, but you're reserve paperboy again



It's not fair, boss. All I need is a chance to show you I'm as good as any of them

Well, Jimmy Johnson's been on great form lately...

He got every paper in the right letter box yesterday. Including Mr Benson's Exchange and Mart



As Roy walked home he stopped at the statue of his Grandfather, a local hero...

My Grandad was the best paperboy this town ever had

And with his old bike, I'd be just as good as he was. If only Mr. Atkinson would pick me



Next morning, Roy arrived at Crescent News bright and early as usual...

Oh, dear! I'm sorry to hear that, Mrs. Johnson. I hope Jimmy's feeling better soon



What's wrong, Mr. Atkinson?

It's Jimmy Johnson. He's grazed his knee

How?

He fell off his bike going for a Daily Express in his bag. He'll be out for weeks



What am I going to do? It's Tuesday. Everyone's expecting their Radio Times and our star paperboy is out through injury. It's every manager's nightmare

I'll deliver them, Boss



You? I couldn't let you go out there today. I'd be throwing you in at the deep end

But, Boss. You've got no choice



Okay, Roy. Here's the papers. You're delivering for Crescent News

Thanks, Boss. I won't let you down



Bursting with pride, Roy slipped on the famous orange and black bag of Crescent News, as he had done a thousand times before in his dreams...

Crescent News is depending on you, Roy. Don't let us down



But in his eagerness as he left the shop...

Oh no! He's falling! I shouldn't have trusted an untried paperboy

I'll have to do the round myself in the car



Sorry, lad. The occasion has just proved too much for you. Come on, maybe next time, eh?

Please, Boss, give me another chance

I know. I can deliver these papers.



Alright, lad. But we can't afford any more mistakes. If one of these papers were to fall into a puddle, well...

Don't worry. You can trust me

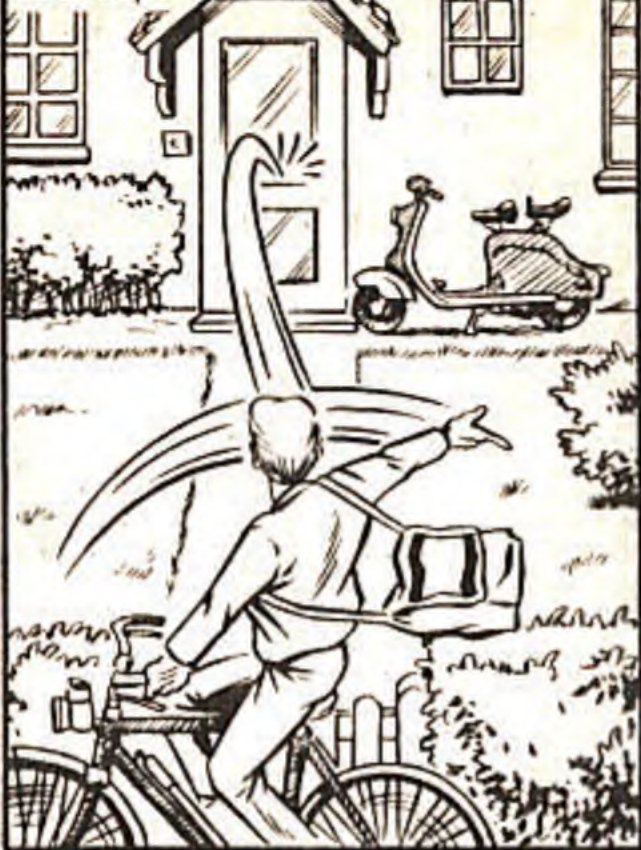


Peddling like the wind, Roy set off on his round

His first newspaper was a textbook delivery...



the second went in with clinical accuracy...



ollowed seconds later by a third...



and a fourth!



But as the papers went in, Roy was unaware that he was being watched...

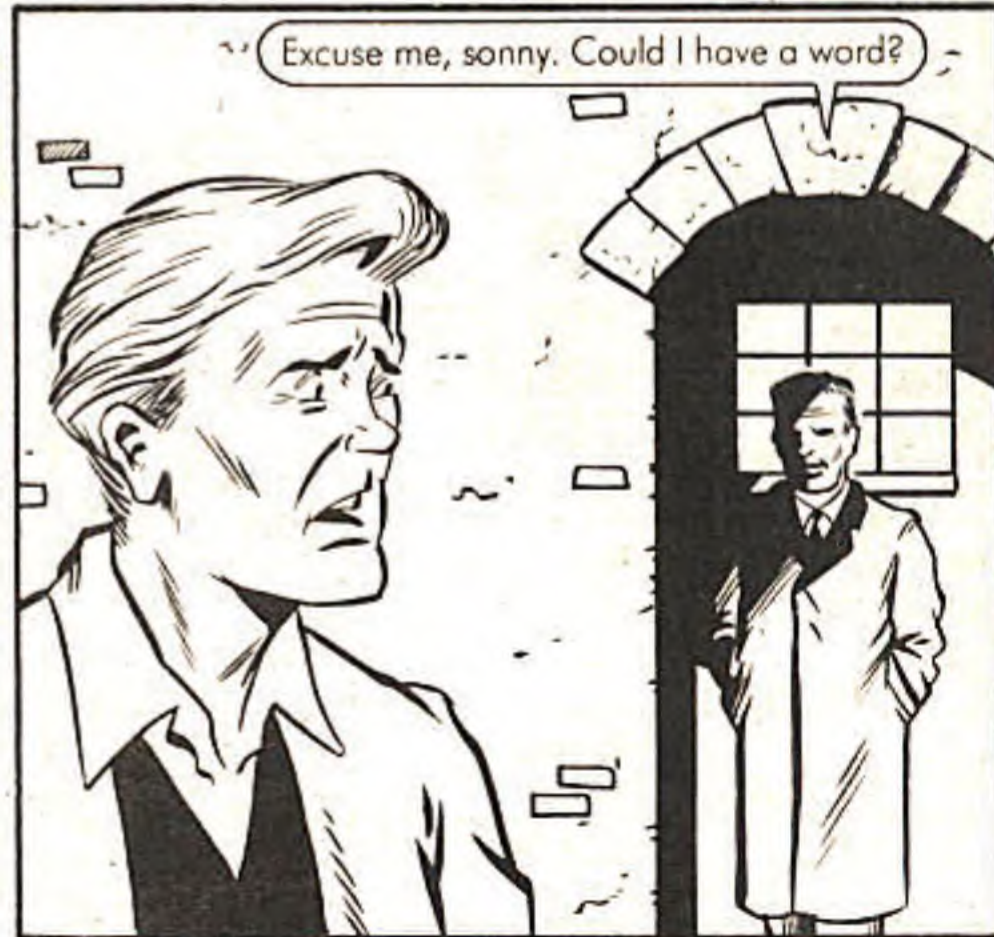


Hmmm! This new boy is good

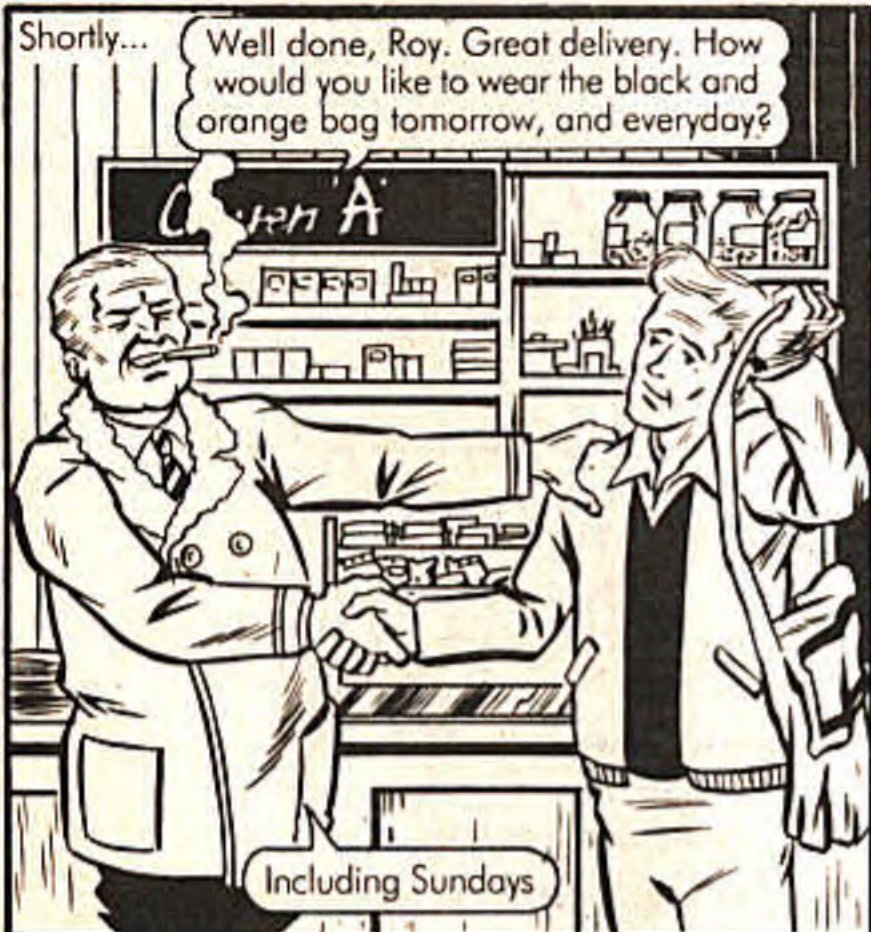
Roy finished his round in record time



Yeah! Grandad would have been proud of me

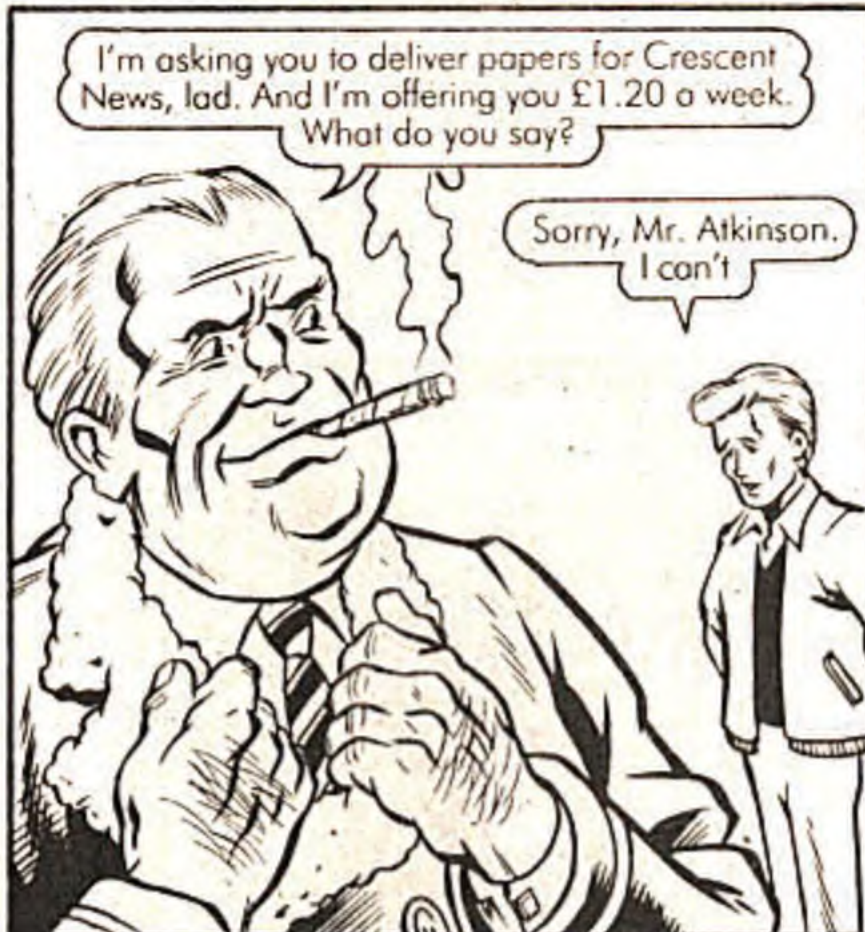


Excuse me, sonny. Could I have a word?



Well done, Roy. Great delivery. How would you like to wear the black and orange bag tomorrow, and everyday?

Including Sundays



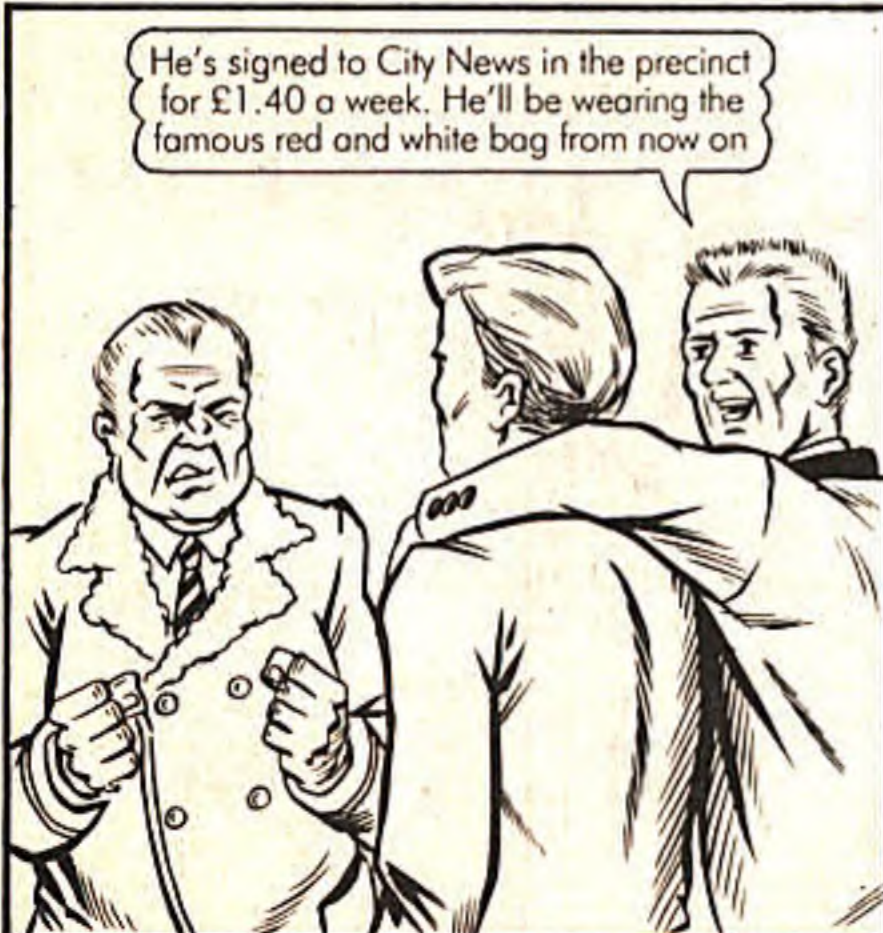
I'm asking you to deliver papers for Crescent News, lad. And I'm offering you £1.20 a week. What do you say?

Sorry, Mr. Atkinson. I can't



Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Ken Baxter, talent scout. I was impressed by your boy's strength, stamina and skill in all areas of delivery. I've snapped him up

But...



He's signed to City News in the precinct for £1.40 a week. He'll be wearing the famous red and white bag from now on

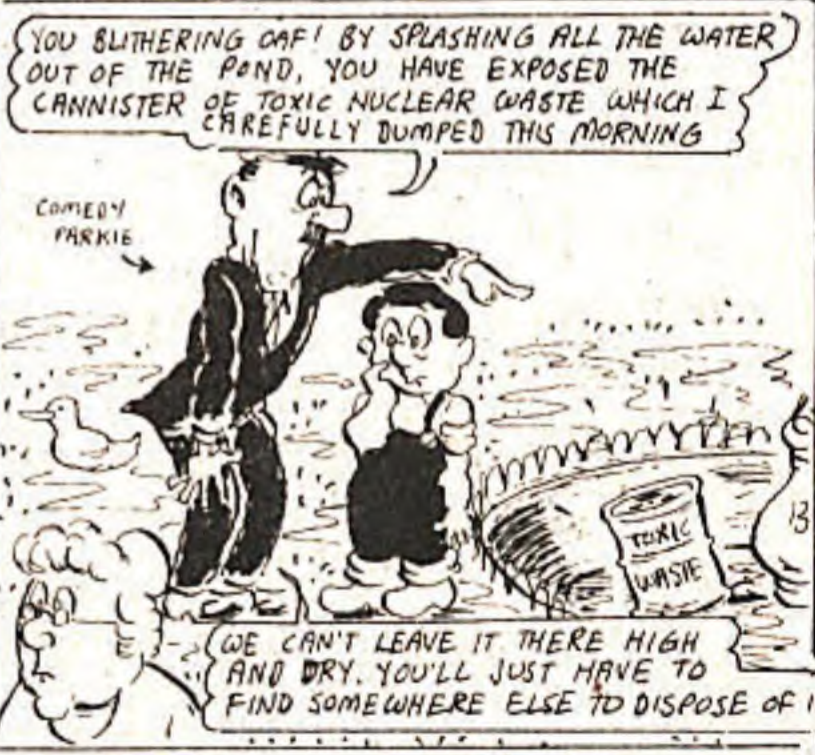
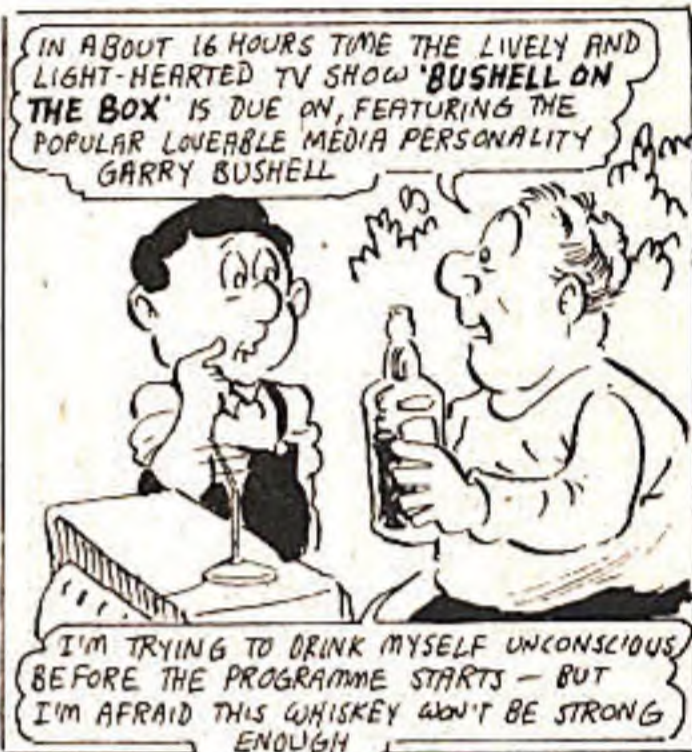
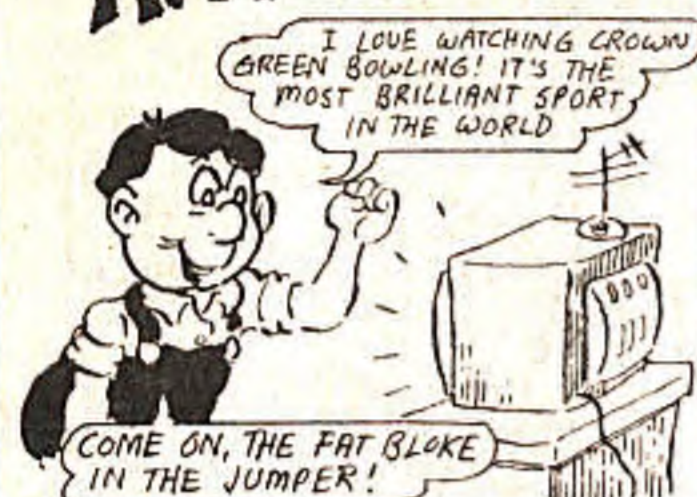


The following Saturday, Roy led the paperboys of City News out onto the precinct...

If only my Grandad was here to see me

The End

GILBERT RATCHET



The MODERN PARENTS

The story so far :
Malcolm's mid-life crisis has
reached breaking point....



TARQUIN, IT'S NO USE MOPING...
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE MISSING
MALCOLM... GOOD RIDDANCE TO THE
LITTLE SHIT!



IT'S TYPICAL MALE BEHAVIOUR,
MALCOLM SHIRKING HIS
RESPONSIBILITIES LIKE THIS.
WOMEN ARE ALWAYS LEFT
PENNILESS TO COPE ALONE.



DON'T CLOUD THE ISSUE WITH
PETTY DETAILS, TARQUIN...
WE'RE A SINGLE-PARENT-
FAMILY NOW AND AS A
WOMAN AND A MOTHER
I SHALL HAVE TO BE STRONG
TO ENSURE THAT WE SURVIVE.



A few days later....



ER... HELLO... I'VE... UM... GOT
AN APPOINTMENT WITH FIFI...



IT'S ALRIGHT,
TARQUIN...
IT'S FOR ME!



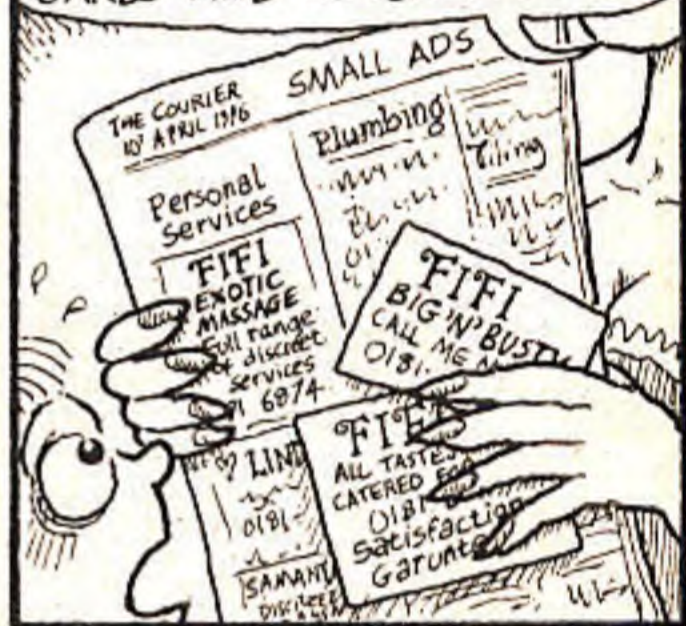
AHEM... ER PERHAPS YOU'D
LIKE TO GO STRAIGHT
UPSTAIRS AND MAKE
YOURSELF COMFORTABLE...
...I'LL BE UP IN JUST
A MINUTE...



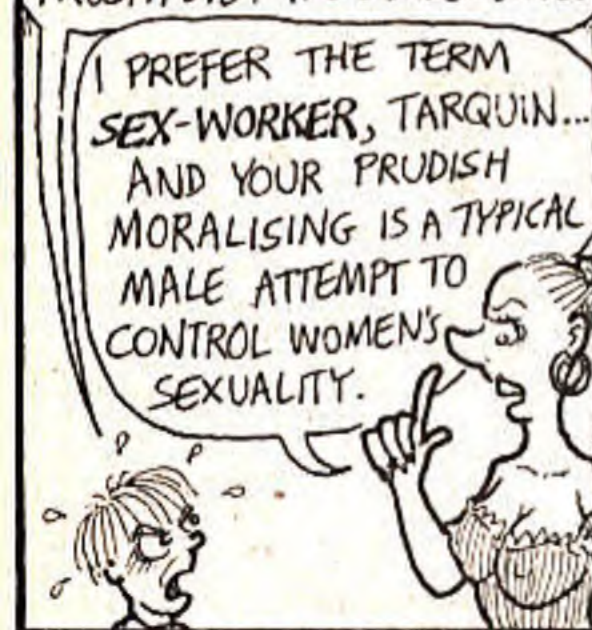
WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?
WHY ARE YOU CALLING
YOURSELF FIFI?



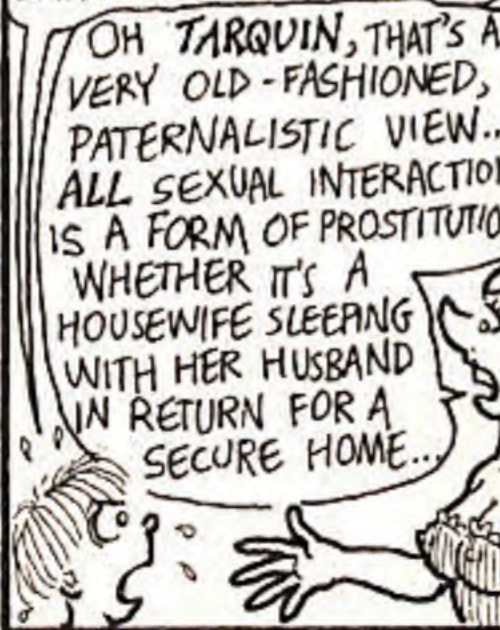
...SEE, THESE ARE MY BUSINESS
CARDS AND ADVERTISEMENTS...



YOU CAN'T BECOME A
PROSTITUTE! IT'S DISGUSTING!



BUT...PROSTITUTION IS AN
EXPLOITATION OF WOMEN!



...OR YOUR GIRL
FRIEND, DAWN,
LETTING YOU BUY
HER A MEAL IN
RETURN FOR HER
COMPANY...
I'M SIMPLY
EXPLOITING
MY OWN
BODY ON
MY OWN
TERMS...



I HAVE TO MAKE
SACRIFICES TO
PUT FOOD ON OUR
TABLE AND IF
THAT MEANS
BECOMING A
SEX-WORKER...



...AND HAVING
TO PERFORM
A VARIETY
OF BIZARRE
AND SORDID
SEXUAL
ACTS...



...WITH UP
TO TWENTY
DIFFERENT
MEN A DAY...
...GROPING ME
...HAVING ME
...USING ME
AS THEIR
SEXUAL
PLAY THING...



...AHEM!...
THEN THAT'S
WHAT I
MUST DO.



Over the next few days....

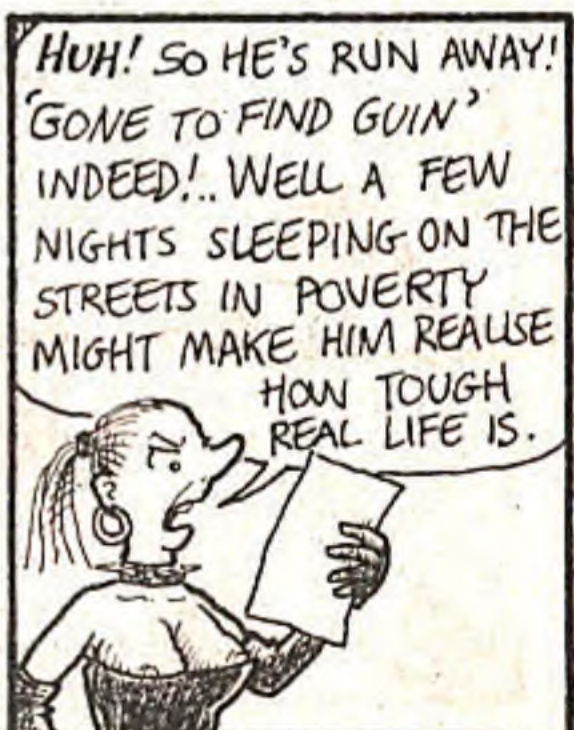
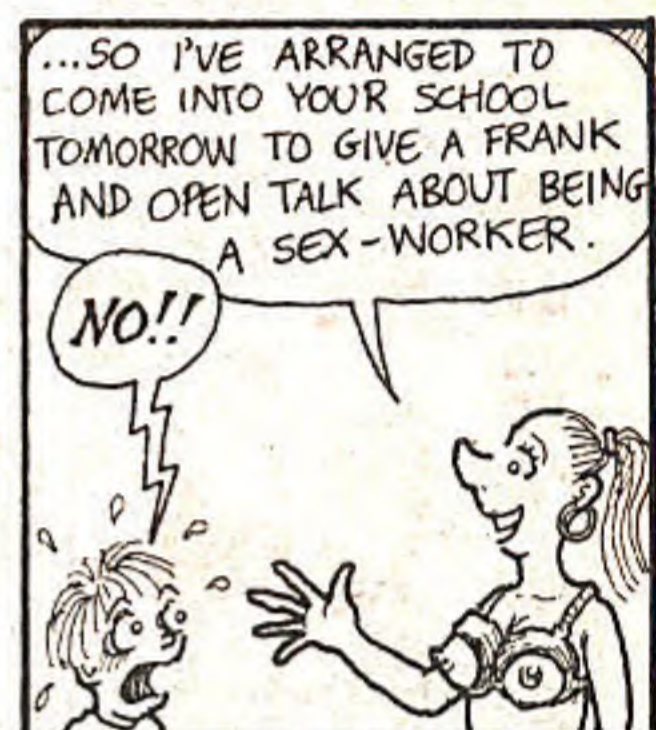
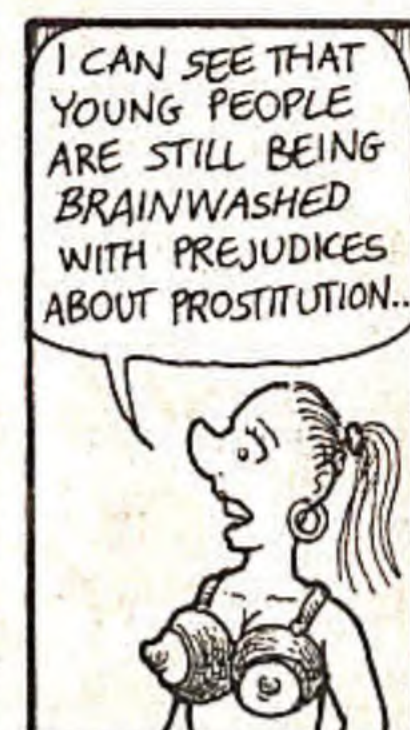
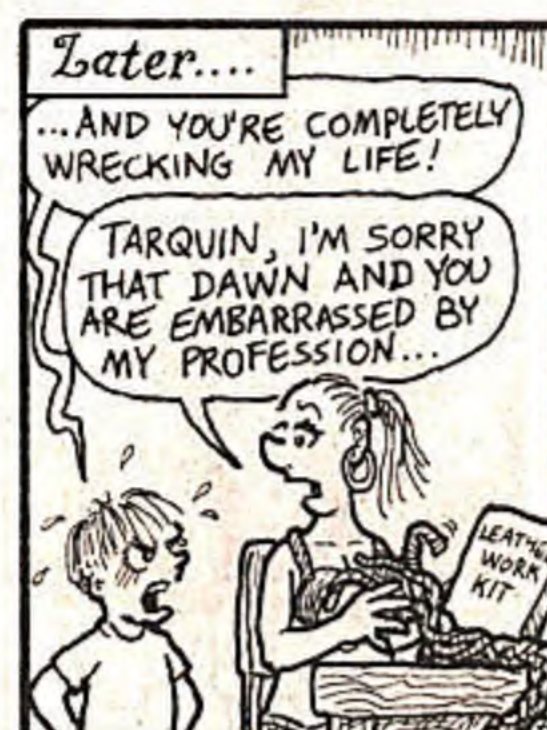


WHIRRRRRRRRRRR
AAAH! PUSH IT
RIGHT IN, FIFI!
RIGHT UP INSIDE!
AAAAH!!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH
OF THIS! I'LL GO
ROUND TO DAWN'S.
OOF! AAH!

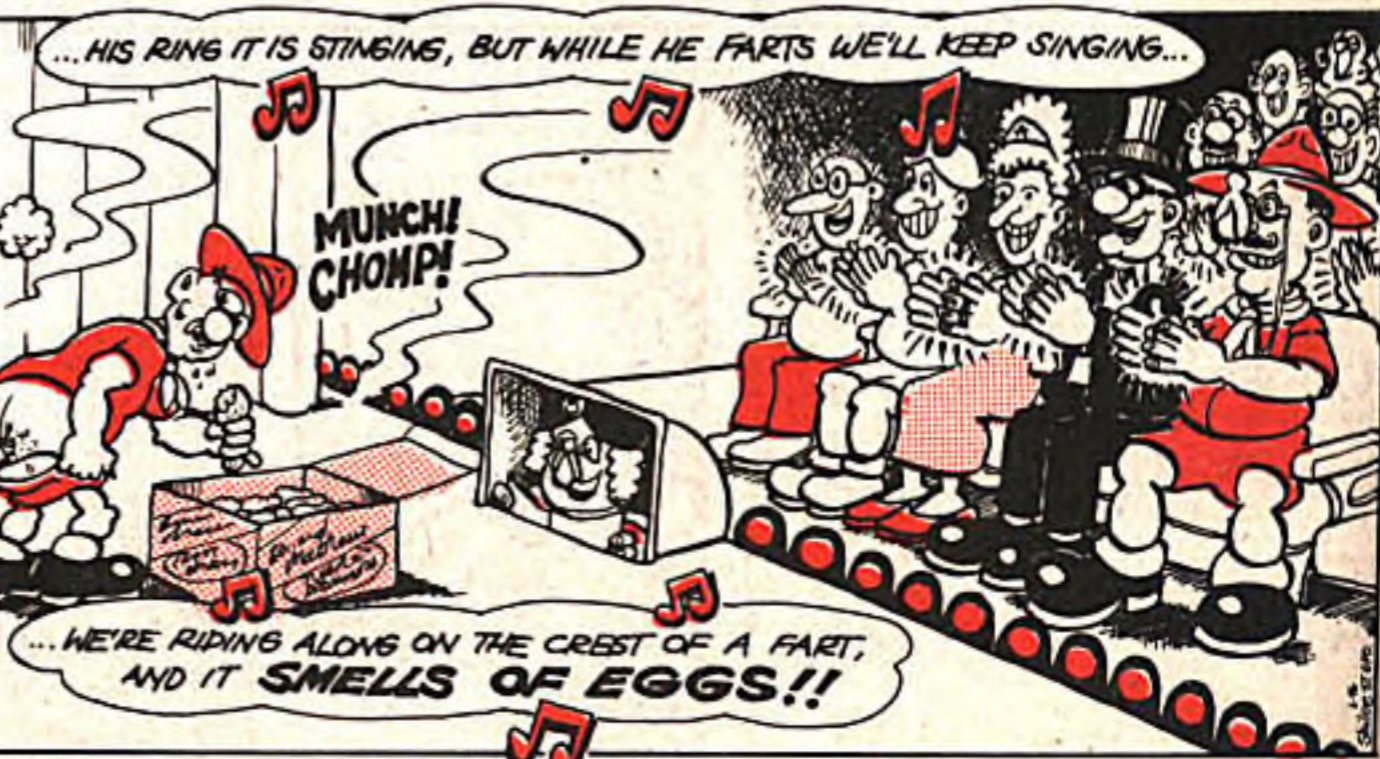
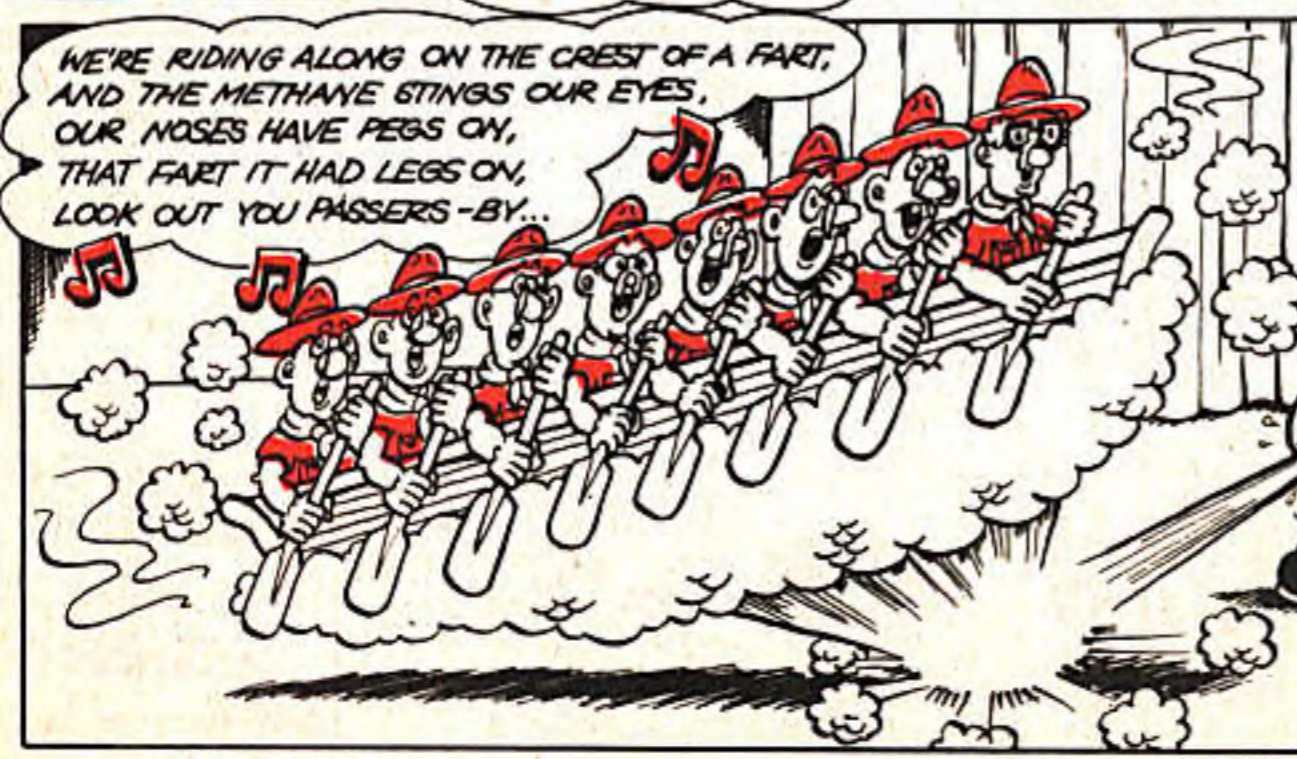
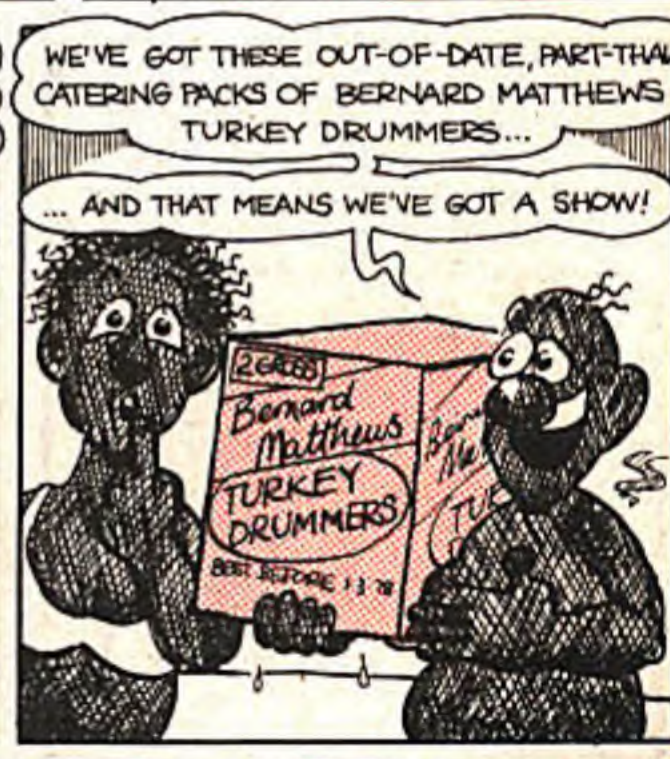
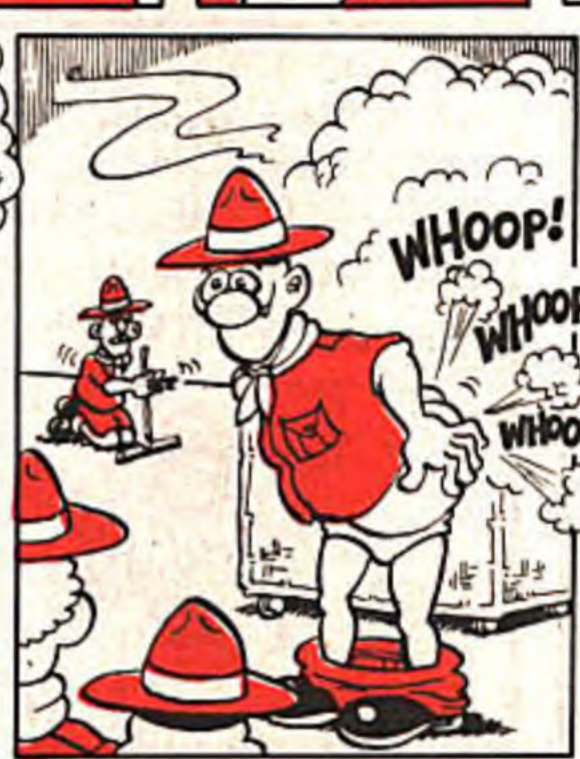
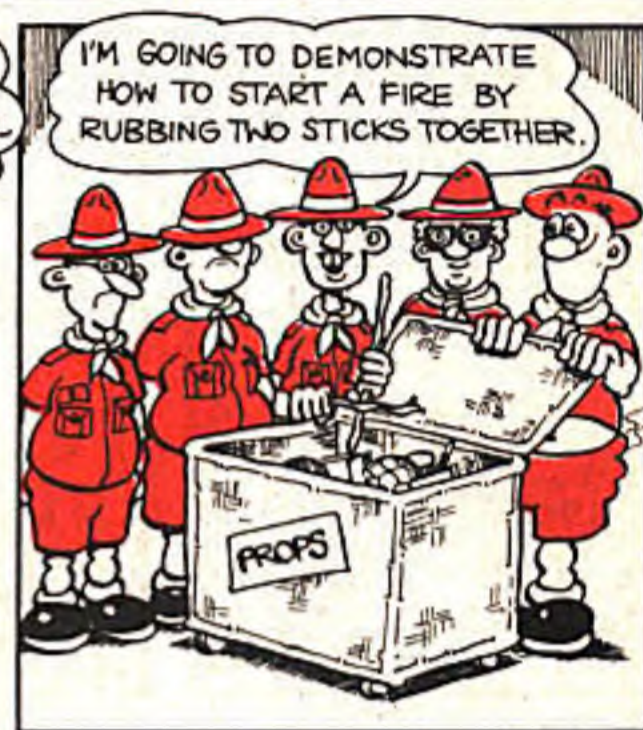




JOHNNY FARTPANTS

LUMBER-LAUGHS A-PLenty WITH YOUR FLATULENCE Funnies Favourite

PHRUTT!



STEPTOE'S SON



PROSPEROUS BANK MANAGER, ALFRED STEPTOE HAD A MOST UNUSUAL SON....

HAROLD? WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN SON? YOU'VE BEEN UP AND OUT SINCE SIX 'O CLOCK!



HELLO FARVVAH! FINALLY CVWALLED OUT OF YOUR STINKIN' PIT I DO OBSERVE!?



HAROLD, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN BUYING SCRAP METALS AGAIN, HAVE YOU?

AWW GAWD! IT'S BLEEDIN' BVWASS MONKEYS OUT THERE DAD! THE POOR 'ORSE IS AS COLD AS AN ESKIMO'S OUTSIDE KARZY! AND FOR WHAT?! I ASK YOU!



ERM, HAROLD?! DON'T YOU REMEMBER THAT NICE CHAT WE HAD WITH THE CHILD PSYCHOLOGIST?



OOH! MY POOR OLD MUVVER! SHE MUST BE TURNIN' IN HER GRAVE! WHAT SHE BLEEDIN' SAW IN YOU, I'LL NEVER KNOW!

BUT HAROLD...



BUT SON! YOUR MOTHER'S ALIVE AND WELL, HERE SHE IS, LOOK!



IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT DAD! I COULD'A BEEN SUMFINK! SOPHISTICATED! DEBONAIR! BUT NO! I 'AD TO BE A POXY, NAFFIN WVAQ AND BONE MAN! ALL UNCOUTH AN' SMELLIN' OF 'ORSE MANURE!!

HAROLD! I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO TO YOUR ROOM, AND STAY THERE UNTIL YOU LEARN TO BEHAVE!



HAROLD SITS ALONE IN HIS ROOM...

SIGH! LOOK AT ME! TEN BLEEDIN' YEARS OLD, AND ROTTIN' AWAY IN THIS PUMP! LUMBERED WIV MY FARVVAH, AN' ARDLY A BVWASS FARTHIN TO MY NAME!



I'M EVEN TOO ASHAMED TO BRING ANY CVWUMPET BACK. THEY'D TAKE ONE LOOK AT THAT DIRRR-TY OLD MAN AND SCARPER.



YOUR MOTHER AND I ARE GOING OUT TONIGHT TO THE ROTARY CLUB DINNER DANCE. WE'LL SEE YOU LATER.



GREAT! HE'S GAWN. AFTER TEN BLEEDIN' YEARS I'M FVWREE AT LAST.

WHAT SHALL I WEAR SO AS I CAN BLEND IN WIV DAH SOPHISTICATED SET?



LATER...

YES, VENESSA MY DEAR, AS I WAS SAYING, I'M IN THE FABRIL AND OSSIFIED MATERIALS VWRECLAMATION AND VWRECYCLING BUSINESS.



IT IS. WHY DON'T WE GO BACK TO MY PLACE FOR A LITTLE DVWINKIES AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT.

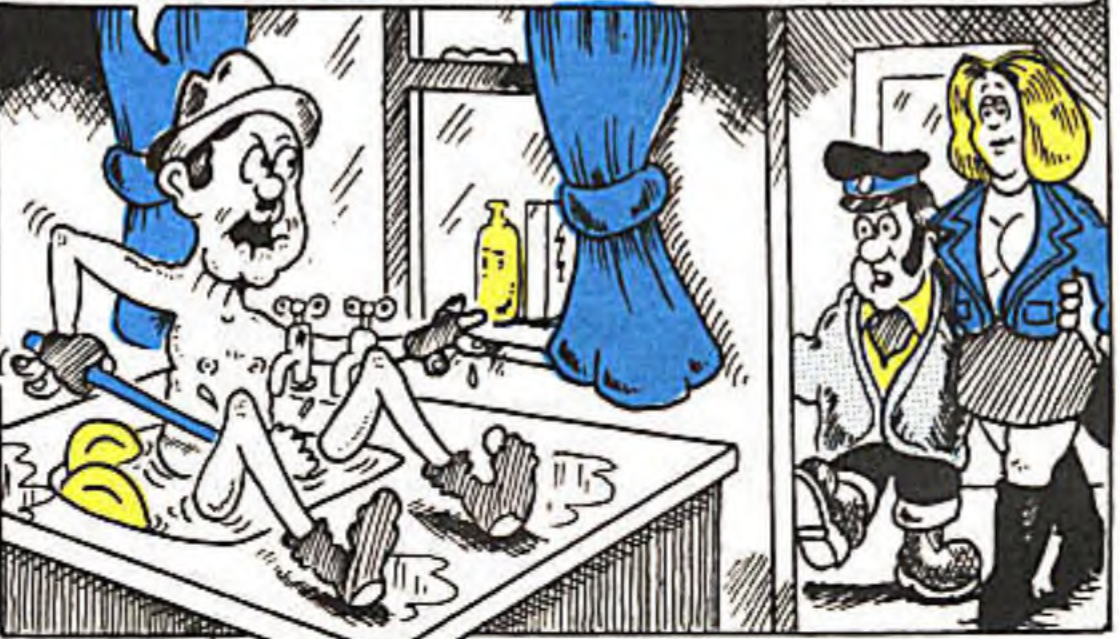


ARE YOU SURE YOUR FATHER WON'T MIND ME COMING IN?

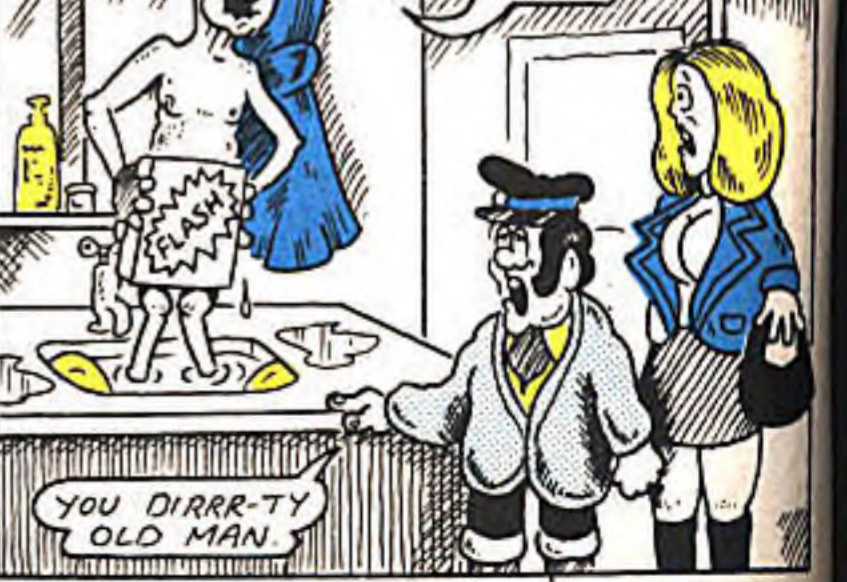
I'M AFRAID PATER, GAWD REST HIM, HAS PASSED ON. I DON'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT IT. IT'S TOO WVECENT.



IS THAT YOU, HAROLD? WE DIDN'T GO OUT IN THE END. I GOT THE SQUIRTS AND SPENT TWO HOURS ON THE BLEEDIN' KARZY. NEARLY FROZE ME COBBLEERS OFF.



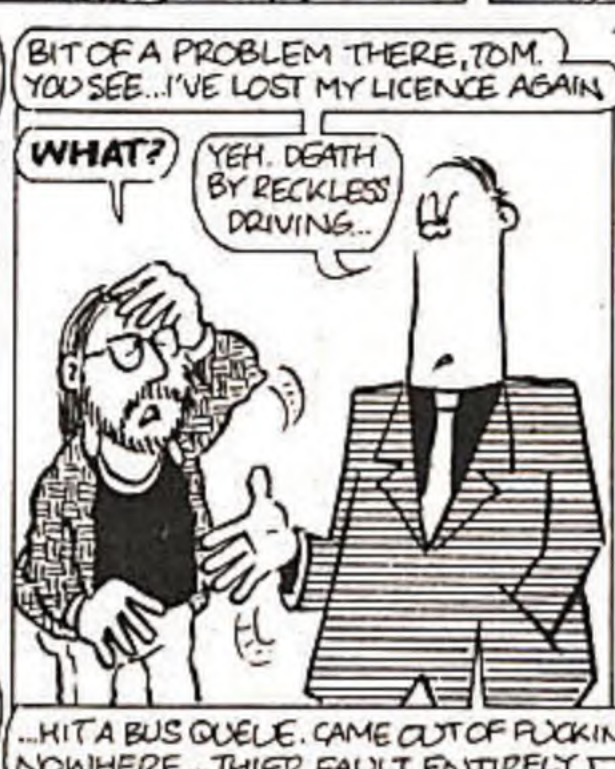
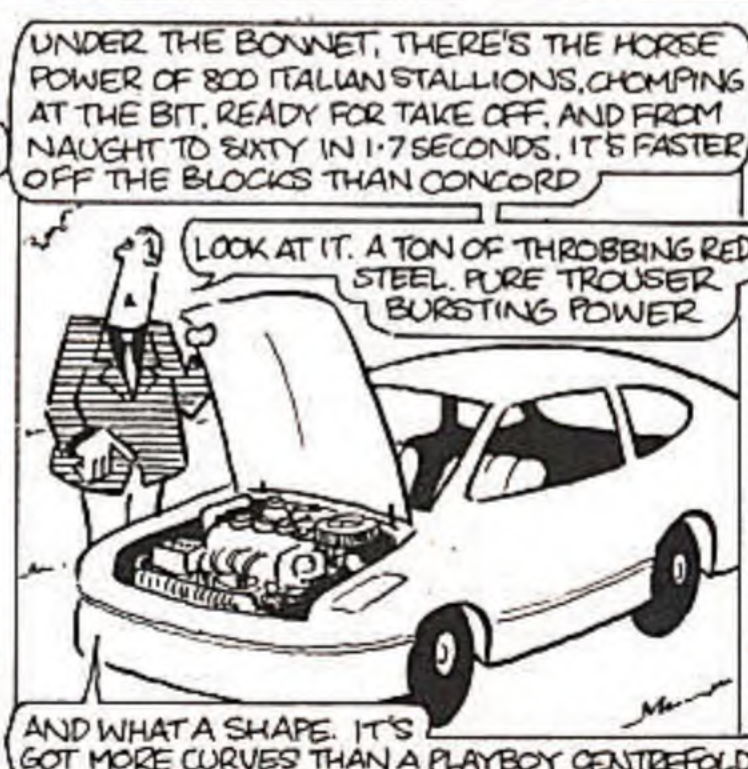
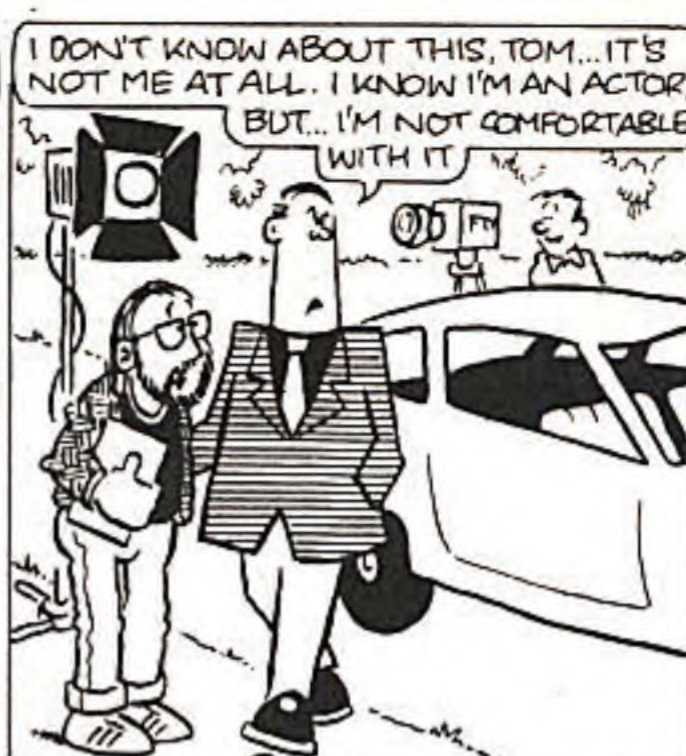
OH! YOU'VE BROUGHT A BIRRRD BACK. SHE'S NICE. AREN'T YOU GOING TO INTRODUCE US?



ROGER MELLIE

The man on the telly

ROGER HAS BEEN CALLED IN AT THE LAST MINUTE TO PRESENT 'TOPGEAR' AFTER REGULAR HOST JEREMY CLARKSON FAILED TO TURN UP FOR WORK...



FEEL LIKE SHIT?

We're giving some away!

Has the long, cold winter left you feeling **cream crackered**? Or **cattle trucked**? **Bugged**? **Jiggered**? **Shagged out**? Or **simply fucked**?

'Winter lethargy', or 'not being arsed' as it is often known, is a problem for many people at this time of year. Especially students who've been up all night listening to records. But now there's a revolutionary solution that will provide lasting relief from tiredness and fatigue. It's called your *fucking bed*, and if you go to sleep in it in the evening you'll wake up the next day feeling a lot better.

However the Charles Baker advertising agency in London are hoping you'll consider a more temporary solution, **PRO-PLUS** tablets. **PRO-PLUS** provide short term relief from tiredness as each tablet contains as much caffeine as a cup of coffee. The agency have identified OUR readers as being either particularly tired, or particularly gullible. So they've given us 50 packets of **PRO-PLUS** (each containing 24 tablets) plus 50 'Are you feeling cream crackered?' T shirts to give away in this 'Are you feeling cream crackered?' competition. Taking our cue from their amusing 'biscuit' theme, here are the questions. Try not to fall asleep while you're answering them.

1. Which of the following biscuits was NOT a European revolutionary?

(a) Bourbon
(b) Garibaldi



(c) Fig Roll

**Pick you up
some
pick-me-ups**

2. From which town in the South of France did a famous coconut flavoured rectangular biscuit take its name?

- (a) Marseille
(b) Nice
(c) Fig Roll

3. What sort of biscuit would you be - ing, kind of thing, if you started assuming 'h-airs and graces' and began to 'h-eng around' with the 'h-upper clarses'. Like what Phil Collins does.

- (a) Digestive Sweatmeal
(b) Rich Tea
(c) Hob Nob

4. What sort of biscuit is tubby comic and mystery Nolan sister husband sneak thief victim Frank Carson's catch phrase?



- (a) It's the way I tell 'em
(b) And there's more
(c) It's a cracker

5. Indie popsters Half Man Half Biscuit were responsible for which of the following breaches of the peace?

- (a) The Trumpton Riots
(b) The Chigley Affray
(c) The Camberwick Green Disturbances

6. In the TV series of the same biscuit, what smutty erection-derived nickname did WPC Penhalygan go under?

PRO PLUS

- (a) Bonk on
(b) String
(c) Wood
(d) Pan handle
(e) Bone
(f) Pork sword
(g) Spam clothes prop
(h) Baby's arm holding an apple

7. Which of the following is the proud holder of the title 'Patron Biscuit of Scotland'?

- (a) McVities Digestives
(b) Crawford's Cheddars
(c) Tartan Shortbread

8. Which middle of the road American singer's life was made a misery during the early 1970s by a man in a bear suit who knocked repeatedly at his door asking for 'cookies', an American version of a biscuit?

- (a) Perry Como
(b) Bing Crosby



(c) Andy Williams

Mark your competition entries **'PRO-PLUS'**. The first 50 correct entries - no, let's be sensible - everyone who enters, will be sent packet of **PRO-PLUS**, and a T shirt to wear while you're staying awake. Competition open to over 18s only. In order to cover their profiteering back-sides the manufacturers and the Charles Baker agency wish to point out that you should always read the label before taking tablets.

A late night lo (That's top and

Those of you lucky enough to win a pack of Pro-Plus in our biscuit competition will be interested to learn that UK GOLD, the Oxfam shop of TV, is launching a new late night comedy slot for people who prefer to sit and watch endless repeats on telly instead of going to bed.

'Bullshit'... Sorry, that should be 'BULLET'... begins at 10.35pm on Thursdays and is currently featuring a re-run of the 'Bottom' series starring Adrian Edmundson and Rik Mayall. A farrago of farcical adventures for flat-mates Richie Rich and Eddie Hitler, 'Bottom' is an anal out-pouring of black comedy, madcap slapstick and wild farce. If there's nothing else on the other 20 English speaking channels, and no interesting porn on the German ones, then it really is worth watching.

To publicise the launch of their new late night comedy slot (which was on March 21st incidentally) and the availability of a 'Bottom' video, UK Gold have rather generously given us 20 videos plus 20 specially manufactured pairs of 'Bottom' boxer shorts (worth either £10 or £30 each, depending which of their faxes you read). Anyway, there's two terrific prizes each for twenty lucky winners of our competition. Even we couldn't dream up half a dozen 'arse' questions, so we're calling it a 'TV Tops and Bottoms' competition instead. Just answer the following questions.

1. TV Top! Which of the following top TV Gareths began their career as 'Gaz Top', the bog brush haired, leather panted, shouty mouthed 'yoof' TV presenter of shitty cable television station 'Music Box'.

(a) Gareth Hunt off the coffee adverts, who sometimes gets on Call My Bluff.

**20 Bottom
videos plus
20 pairs of
arse-tastic
undies
must be
won!**

(b) Gareth Hale, one of the not funny ones out of Hale and Pace.
(c) Gareth Jones from Thames Television's 'How' programme.

2. TV Bottom! The fictitious village of Crinkley Bottom is the creation of which smug, over paid, over stayed, tidy bearded TV git and former Swap Shopping celebrity shit bucket?



(a) Noel Edmonds

3. TV Top! Not everybody can say that they've appeared on the BBC's long running pop show Top Of The Pops, but nobody could top the Top Of The Pop claim made by the top pop group who suggested that, in fact, everybody had. Who was they?

- (a) The Four Tops
(b) The Carpenters
(c) The Rezillos

ad of TV shit! BOTTOM of it)



4. TV Bottom! Which boot faced, poison penned, acid tongued, baggy arsed TV slapper and all round rotten cow was successfully sued by some actress or other for saying that she'd got a fat bum.

(a) Nina Myskow

5. TV Top! Which chubby faced TV (in both the televisual and the sexual dressing sense of the term) star once predicted that 'simple tops' would be the next clothing fashion?

(a) Boy George
(b) Lily Savage
(c) Michael Portillo (apparently)

6. TV Bottom AND Top! Which vintage TV game show once famously boasted a 'sagger maker's bottom knocker' among its guests, and featured a popular celebrity panelist who later 'topped' herself after an unfortunate incident involving a tin of salmon and a short term loss of memory?

(a) Call My Bluff
(b) What's My Line?
(c) Give Us A Clue

Bung your answers on a postcard etc. The twenty toppest entries out of the hat will each receive a 'Bottom' video, plus a pair of arse-tastic undies.

Tait on TV

Veteran of the Viz pop page ANDREW TAIT will be taking to your tubes in a new Saturday night Channel 4 series 'Takeover Television' due to begin in early May.

Andrew is scheduled to appear on the first show in the series. He has also been to Tahiti where he explored the gamelan percussion music of the island of Bali. As you do. A series of TV shorts 'Tait In Tahiti' are due to hit the screens late on Thursday evenings in the near future. Here's hoping they don't clash with 'Bottom' on UK Gold. Or any German porn.



Otway on the road

JOHN OTWAY takes to the road once again this Spring. For the benefit of people with particularly good eyesight forthcoming tour dates include the following:

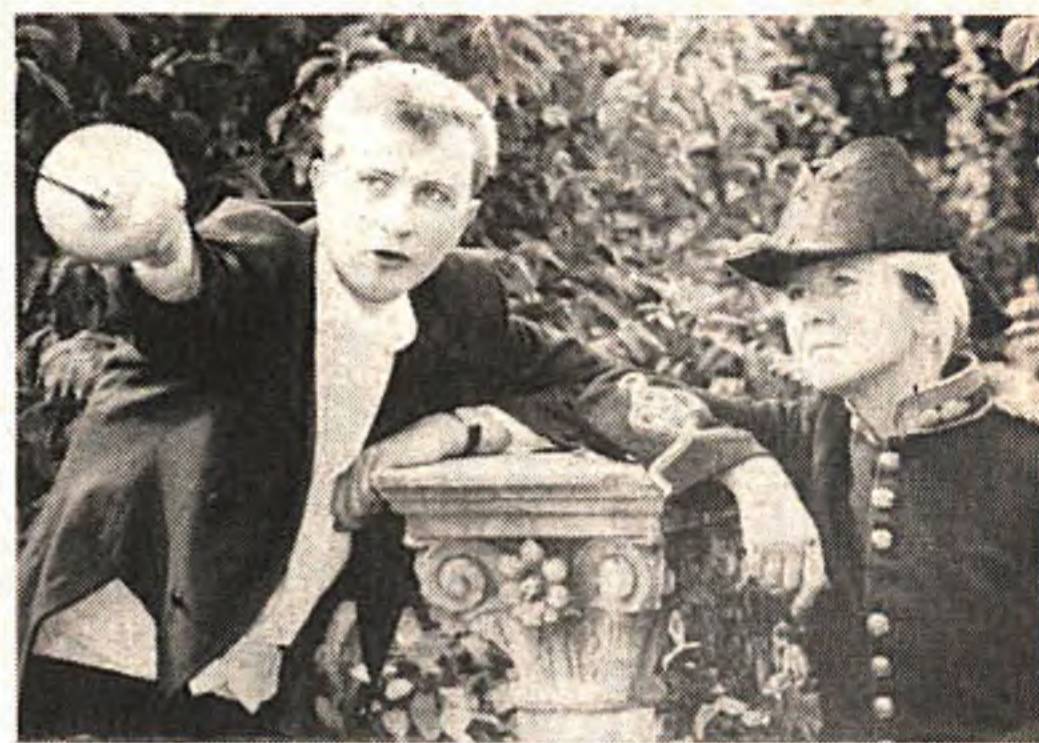
APRIL 7 Islington Weavers Arms, 13 Dudley Robin Hood, 14 Henley On Thames at the Crooked Bilet, Stoke Row, 16 Barrow In Furness Literary Festival, 17 Carlisle Front Page, 20 Harrogate Arms, 21 Farnham Folk Festival, 23 York Fibbers, 24 Preston Adelphi, 25 Stoke on Trent Wheatheaf, 26 Derby Flowerpot, 27 Chelmsford The Elma, 28 Leicester Bar Gouldi, MAY 1 Newport Filling Station (Ask the manager if he was in Amen Corner), 2 Bristol Fleece & Furkin, 3 Ashburton Lantern, 7 South Shields Cellar Bar, 8 Whitehaven Rosehill Theatre, 9 Sunderland The Ropery (The Ropery football team more like it), 10 Coventry Rugby Club, 17 Leeds Duchess of York, 18 Brentwood Essex Arms, 24 Southwick Barn Theatre, 25 Aylesbury Limelight Theatre, 26 Harlow The Square, 30 Swindon Level 3, JUNE 2 Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms, 14 Birmingham Flapper & Firkin (TBC), 15 Oxford The Point, June 21st LONDON Astoria with the BIG BAND & Wilko Johnson.

Strictly no riff raff

Win a signed novel and a sophisticated night out

WE'VE got another £4000 worth of classical concert tickets to give away courtesy of the Amadeus Chorus & Orchestra. Mind you, classical music doesn't come cheap. Four grand only buys you twenty pairs of tickets (and that's in the cheap seats).

The band are on the road in July - playing Bath Abbey on 24th, Oxford Town Hall on the 26th, and Wotton-under-Edge Church on the 27th. Their set will consist of three cover versions; Debussy's 'L'Après midi d'un faune', 'Three Rosetti Settings' by King, and Holst's smash hit 'The Planets'. They'll be on stage at 7.30pm (except Wotton Church, which is an 8pm kick off).



A bloke out of the Amadeus Chorus and Orchestra with a sword stood next to millionaire dog lover Jilly Cooper in a Napoleon hat.

We've got twenty pairs of tickets (worth £200 a pair) to give away to the winners of this competition, PLUS three signed copies of Jilly Cooper's new book 'Appassionata', which is loosely based on classical music but has no doubt got lots of shagging in it. Millionaire dog lover Miss Cooper spent some time with the Amadeus Chorus & Orchestra researching her steamy book.

We'll give two tickets plus a book to the first three winners out of the hat, and a pair of tickets to the other 17. You can choose which gig you go to, but you have to dress smart (no jeans or training shoes) and only clap when everyone else does. For a high class evenings entertainment, and a dirty book, simply answer the following questions.

1. Which one of the following DIDN'T die on the toilet?
(a) The King of Rock'n'Roll Elvis Presley



(b) Smutty actor Sid James

(c) Classical composer Claude Debussy

2. How did the 18th Century composer Lully die?

(a) His Mini Cooper crashed into a tree
(b) He choked on his own vomit
(c) He stabbed himself to death with his baton

3. What nationality was composer Gustav von Holst? (Bearing in mind that this is a trick question, and he wasn't Australian)



(a) Australian
(b) German
(c) British

Send your answers to the usual address on a post card marked 'Amadeus'. If you're cultured enough to appreciate this sort of thing, and cunt headed enough to pay £100 a seat, you can buy tickets for all three performances either in person from the

Cotswold Bookroom (somewhere in the Cotswolds), on the door on the night, or in advance from TABS, Theatre Royal, Sawclose, Bath (Tel. 01225 448831). Tickets for the Oxford bash (there'll be some top drawer tootie at that one, mark my words) will be available from Blackwells Music Shop (01865) 792 792.

Competition Winners Issue 76

FOOTBALL CRAZY

One winner to receive two tickets to the premier of 'When Saturday Comes'. One winner to receive 365 cans of Stones Bitter. Tickets: Richard Ward, North Yorkshire. Beer: Pete Reynolds, Gloucester.

RACING

5 x 1 hours free karting for two people.
1. David Allison, Southpark Village, Glasgow. 2. Mr S Jones, Send, Surrey. 3. Neville Kenyon, Bush Hill Park, Enfield. 4. Martin Stubbs, Muswell Hill, London. 5. Mr C Yarwood, Farnham, Surrey.

CHANNEL CROSSING

1 winner to receive a free haircut. John Richards, Newton-le-Willows, Merseyside.

GUSTO

Six winners each to receive one crate of assorted Gusto drinks.
1. Craig Wilson, Cowdenbeath, Fife. 2. Mr I Walmsley, Glossop, Derbyshire. 3. David Falkingham, Penistone, Sheffield. 4. Matthew Griffiths, Wallasey, Merseyside. 5. Neil Page, Clowne, Chesterfield. 6. Kevin Stephenson, Scarborough, N. Yorks.

The MAN in the PUB

Britain's most
ill informed
columnist



You know that Mr. *Squeaky Clean*, Richard Branson? Guess how he made his money? I'll tell ya. Abortions. Yeah, *doing abortions!* Seen 'im on the telly I did. He didn't 'ave a beard, but it was definitely 'im. Doing abortions he was, on girls. That's where the name come from, Virgin. Straight up.

I'll tell you whose got mad cow disease. Harry Enfield. Poor bloke. *Mad as a hatter he is.* Locked himself in his house a year ago, hasn't been out since. Never see him on the telly any more, do ya? That's why. They reckon everyone'll 'ave it in 5 years.

It's no wonder women get pissed so easy. It's cos their *organs* are so small. I read it in a book. Our organs are *seven times* bigger than theirs. They can't absorb as much alcohol you see. Smaller organs.

You know Rod Stewart's had his whole face lifted, don't ya? *All of it.* They've stretched it so far, right, he has to *shave* behind his ears. No, *honest* - it's true that. You look at him next time he's on the box. Stubble behind 'is ears. You should ask Joanna Lumley, eh? *Wink wink!* She'd know.

If you sleep with your head next to your fuse box you get **CANCER**. Smokin's actually *good* for you. That's what they reckon. It's electricity that causes cancer. Pylons an' that. *Mate of mine's wife cooked her tits sittin' next to a microwave. Bloody lethal those things.*

'Ere! Daley Thompson, right, won the Olympics? He's met *aliens* from another planet. Yeah! *Mate of mine's friend's a reporter.* He told him, *strictly off the record.* Straight from the 'orses mouth. He even speaks their language. Knows all their *terminology* an' that. Course, he's keepin' it a secret. Doesn't want everyone to *panic*, y'see.

Did you know that your ears are the only bit of you that never stop growing? Even when you're old. That's why old blokes always have *huge big ears.* It's true that. You think about it.

Ever been to a sperm bank? No? I'll tell you what. *You wanna try it mate!* Mind, there's no wanking. Nah, nah, nah. It's all *clinical*, y'see. The nurse, right, she knows exactly what to do. She just sticks her finger up your arse, and gives the old walnut a poke. *Bang!* Off you go. *Instant* it is. Take's less than a second.

Spectres spooked by Big 'C' scare

GHOSTS were turning white with fear last night after new evidence emerged suggesting a possible link between walking through walls and cancer.

Doctors fear that wall cavity insulation - the expanding foam substance used to insulate walls - could be hazardous when walked through. And that's bad news for phantoms at haunted houses all over Britain, many of whom could already have been exposed to serious risk.

Popular

In recent years wall cavity insulation has become an increasingly popular form of home improvement. Householders keen to shave a few pennies off their fuel bills pay extortionate amounts for a foam solution to be pumped into the hollow cavity within the external walls of their property. This then expands and hardens to form a heat retaining membrane within the wall. They hope.

Prefect

But researchers now believe there is strong evidence linking an increasing number of ghost cancers with the use of the foam. Statistics show that in the last twenty years cases of ghost cancer have almost trebled, with an estimated 2,000 ghosts dying each year from cancer related illness.

Head boy

Silus Hodgson was murdered by highwaymen in a field in 1730. His ghost haunted the spot where he died for over 200 years until a house was built on it in 1937. He then began haunting the house. All was well until 1982 when a new owner had the walls insulated. Twelve years later Mr Hodgson's ghost was looking at its stomach, which is see through, when it noticed a lump. Shortly afterwards doctors diagnosed an inoperable stomach tumour and Mr Hodgson's ghost was given only six months to live. Less than five months later it was dead again.



Mr Hodgson's ghost's ghost outside the house he had haunted.

Now haunting the spot where his ghost died, Mr Hodgson's ghost's ghost believes the people who manufacture and install the foam should be held responsible. "There is a clear case of negligence to be answered. No cautionary measures were taken - no warnings were put on the walls - and as a result my life and the lives of numerous other ghosts have been cut short", it told us.

We rang a solicitor who advertises free initial consultations in the local newspaper but his knowledge of the law as it applied to ghosts was flimsy to say the least. We then rang Mr Gill, a builder who did some work at our office five years ago, but he told us he didn't believe in ghosts. And he doesn't do wall cavity insulation either.

*You get a higher quality turd blocking
the toilet when you travel*

FIRST CLASS

British Rail First Class



Same train. Same hold ups. Different price

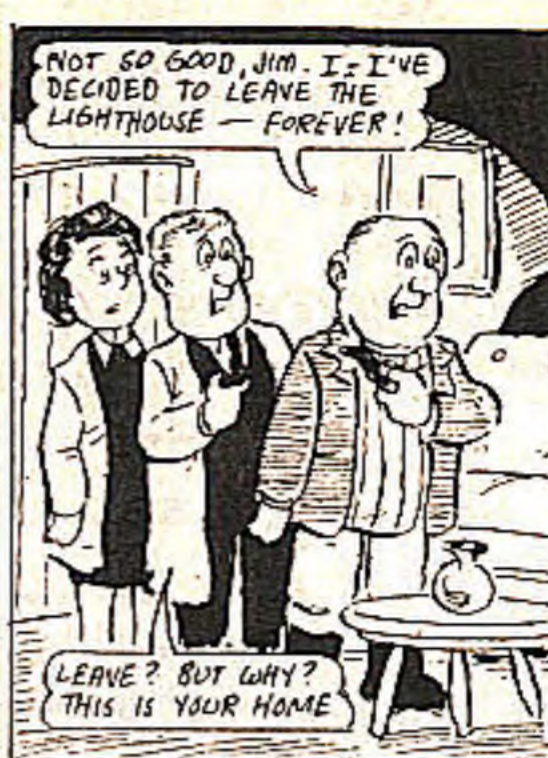
THE CURSE OF DEVIL'S ROCK

TOGETHER WITH HIS WIFE PEGGY, JIM BAXTER WAS SPENDING THE WEEKEND AT HIS UNCLE'S LIGHTHOUSE ON DEVIL'S ROCK, OFF THE COAST OF SCOTLAND



JIM! PEGGY! COME IN!

HELLO UNCLE SILAS - HOW ARE YOU?



NOT SO GOOD, JIM. I'VE DECIDED TO LEAVE THE LIGHTHOUSE - FOREVER!

LEAVE? BUT WHY? THIS IS YOUR HOME



THERE IS AN... EVIL PRESENCE HERE, JIM. SINISTER "ACCIDENTS" INVOLVING ITEMS OF UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE HAVE BEEN OCCURRING LATELY

JUST LAST WEEK I BECAME DANGEROUSLY ENTANGLED IN THE DRAYLON SLIP-COVER OF A SCATTER CUSHION ON MY SOFA. I'M AFRAID, JIM - AFRAID FOR MY LIFE!



AYE, YOU MIGHT WELL BE AFRAID, MR SILAS! FOR IT IS THE CURSE...

THE CURSE OF DEVIL'S ROCK!



KABOOM!



OLD MR M'TAVISH WAS THE ASSISTANT LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

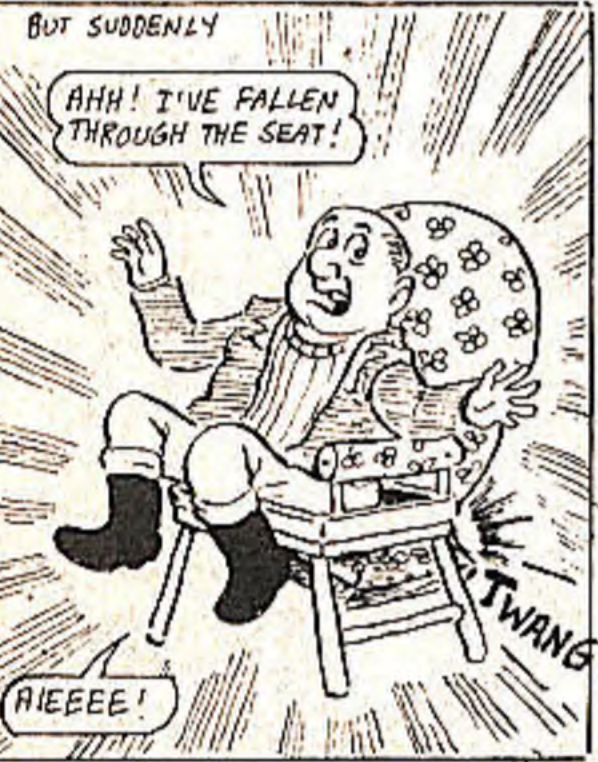
EXACTLY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO A SHIP CARRYING A CARGO OF SOFT HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS CAPSIZED, IN THESE WATERS. ALL HANDS WERE LOST

BEFORE HE DROONED, THE CAPTAIN CURSED DEVIL'S ROCK LIGHTHOUSE, AND SWORE THAT ITS INHABITANTS WOULD HAVE BUT ONE FATE - DEATH BY FURNITURE!



STUFF AND NONSENSE! SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT SUPERSTITIOUS RUBBISH, UNCLE

SIT YOURSELF DOWN, AND I'LL MAKE US ALL A NICE CUP OF TEA



BUT SUDDENLY

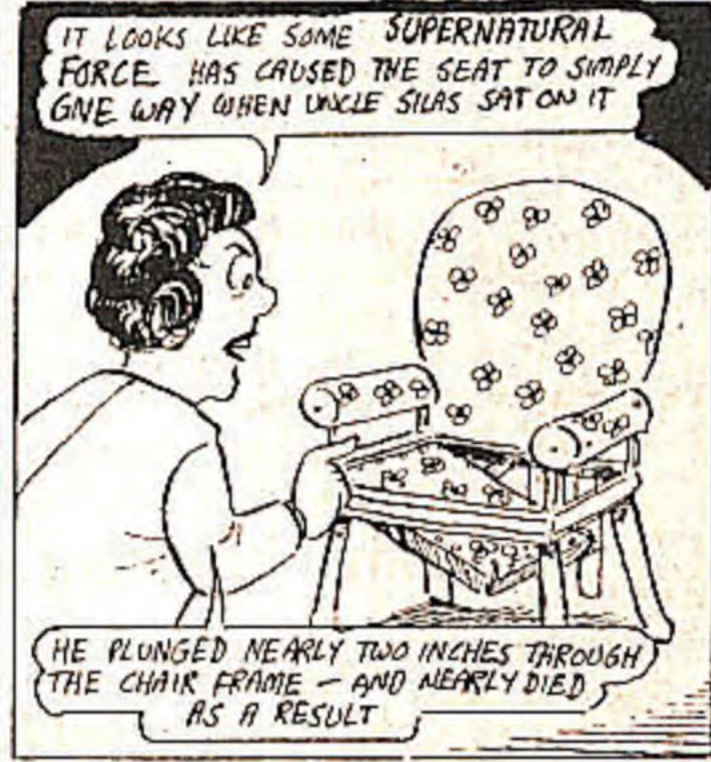
AHH! I'VE FALLEN THROUGH THE SEAT!

TWANG



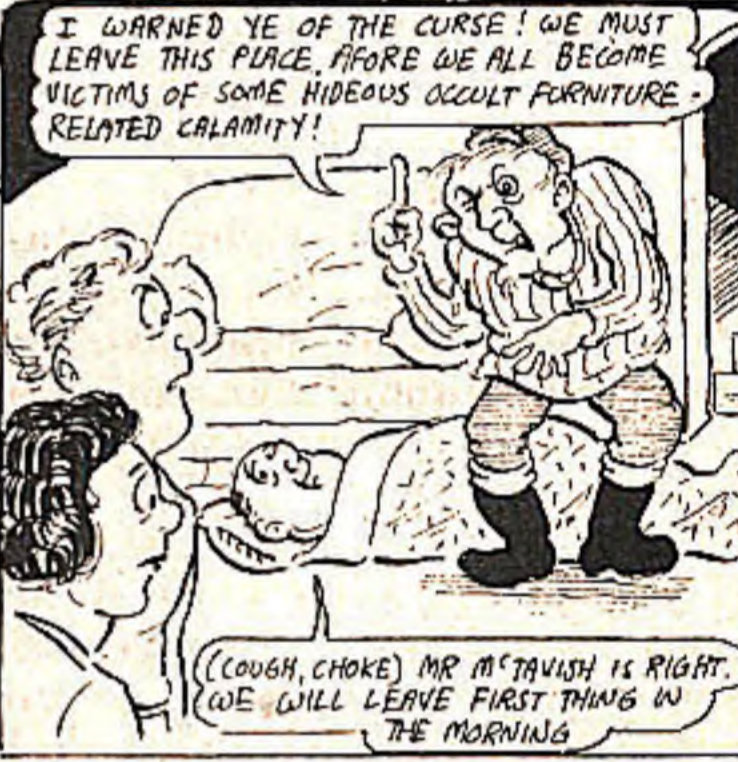
IT'S UNCLE SILAS! HE'S BROKEN BOTH ARMS AND LEGS, AND SUFFERED MASSIVE INTERNAL INJURIES

BUT WHAT HAPPENED?



IT LOOKS LIKE SOME SUPERNATURAL FORCE HAS CAUSED THE SEAT TO SIMPLY GIVE WAY WHEN UNCLE SILAS SAT ON IT

HE PLUNGED NEARLY TWO INCHES THROUGH THE CHAIR FRAME - AND NEARLY DIED AS A RESULT



I WARNED YE OF THE CURSE! WE MUST LEAVE THIS PLACE, AFORE WE ALL BECOME VICTIMS OF SOME HIDEOUS OCCULT FURNITURE-RELATED CALAMITY!

((COUGH, CHOK)) MR M'TAVISH IS RIGHT. WE WILL LEAVE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING

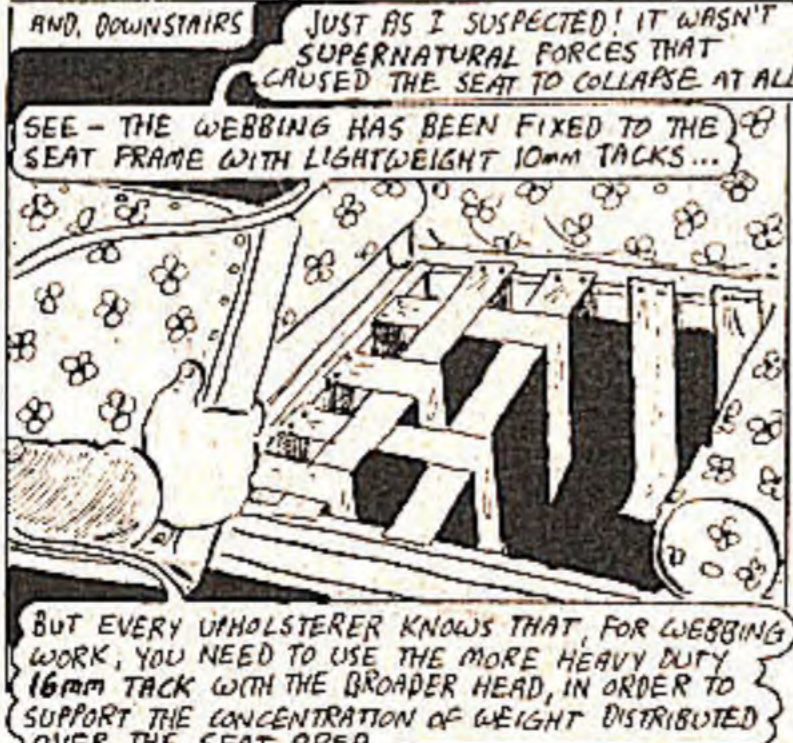


LATE THAT NIGHT

JIM - WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

COME ALONG, PEGGY

WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THE CHAIR THAT ALMOST KILLED UNCLE SILAS



AND, DOWNSTAIRS JUST AS I SUSPECTED! IT WASN'T SUPERNATURAL FORCES THAT CAUSED THE SEAT TO COLLAPSE AT ALL!

SEE - THE WEBBING HAS BEEN FIXED TO THE SEAT FRAME WITH LIGHTWEIGHT 10MM TACKS...

BUT EVERY UPHOLSTERER KNOWS THAT, FOR WEBBING WORK, YOU NEED TO USE THE MORE HEAVY DUTY 16MM TACK WITH THE BROADER HEAD, IN ORDER TO SUPPORT THE CONCENTRATION OF WEIGHT DISTRIBUTED OVER THE SEAT AREA



YOU MEAN WHOEVER UPHOLSTERED THIS CHAIR INTENDED IT TO COLLAPSE?

YES - BUT WHO IS THIS DEADLY MENDER OF CHAIRS?



I'LL GIVE YOU ONE GUESS, MY CLEVER FRIEND!

MR M'TAVISH!

SO, YOU WERE MERELY TRYING TO SCARE UNCLE SILAS AWAY FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE - BUT WHY?



SIMPLE! IT WAS MY PLAN TO SOMEHOW OR OTHER TURN THIS LIGHTHOUSE INTO A GREAT BIG SPACE ROCKET AND FLY AROUND THE UNIVERSE IN IT



I COULD WEAR A SHINY SILVER SPACE-SUIT, AND MY SPACE LIGHTHOUSE WOULD PREVENT OTHER SPACE SHIPS FROM CRASHING INTO ASTEROIDS, AND STUFF

IT'D BE REALLY GREAT!



WELL THIS SHOULD STOP YOU TURNING THE LIGHTHOUSE INTO A BIG SPACE ROCKET AND FLYING AROUND THE UNIVERSE IN IT!

CRACK

UHUU!



NEXT MORNING

..SO THAT STORY OF A CURSE WAS JUST A RUSE TO DRIVE ME AWAY!

THANKS KIDS. HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE?



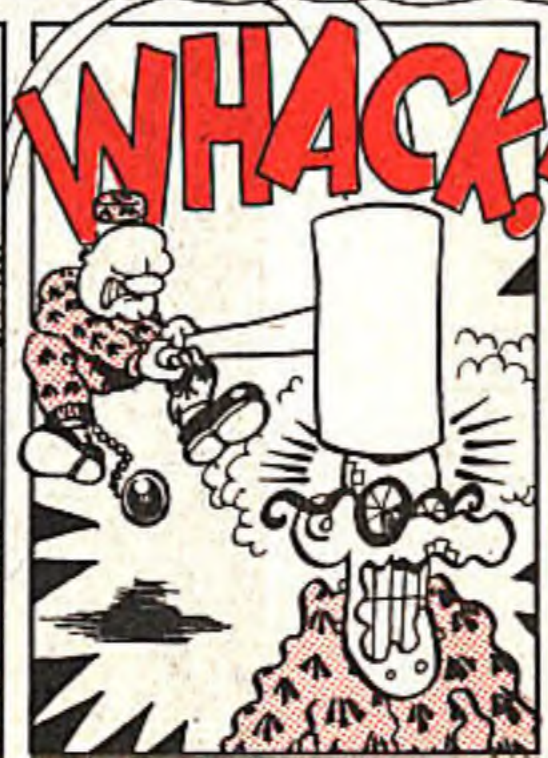
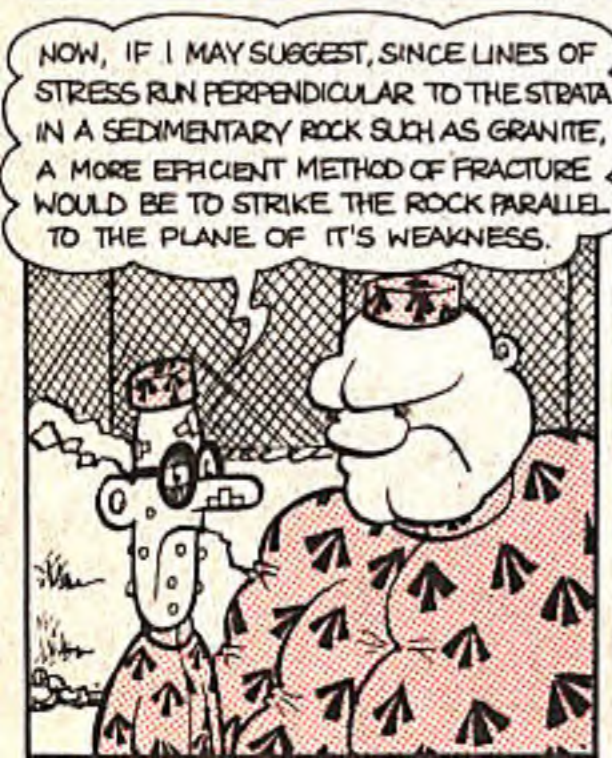
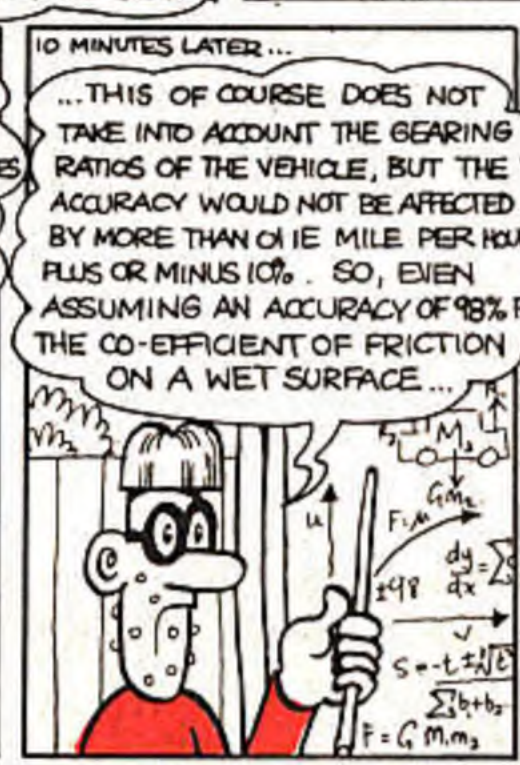
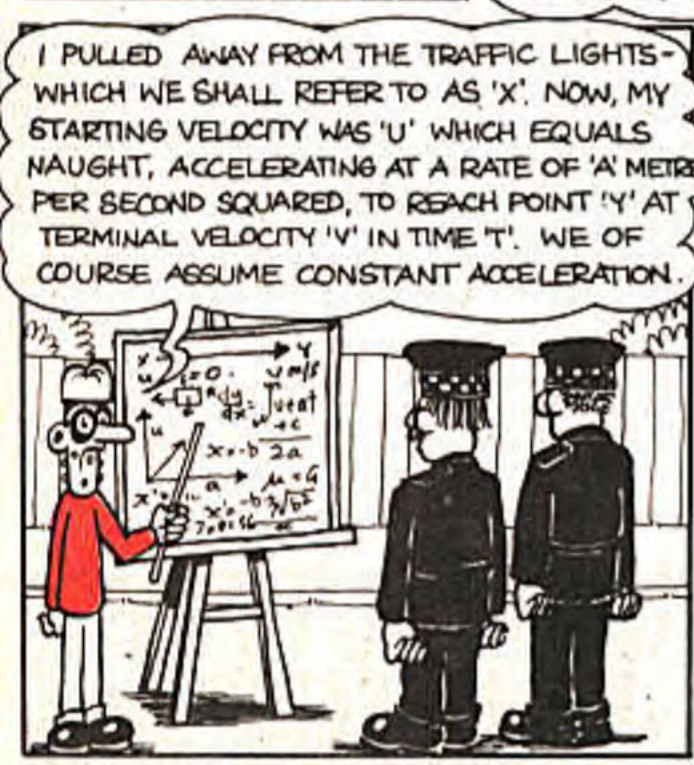
JUST PROMISE THAT YOU'LL KEEP THE BEACON LIT HERE IN YOUR LONELY WINDSWOOP OUTPOST TO GUARD OVER THOSE IN PERIL ON THE TREACHEROUS SEA, UNCLE SILAS

THAT IS ALL THE REWARD I COULD EVER ASK FOR

ME TOO

he's Mr. LOGIC

He'll drive you FRANTIC with his PEDANTIC antics





John sucks tramps cocks.
100%. True.